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February 10, 1934

Collier's

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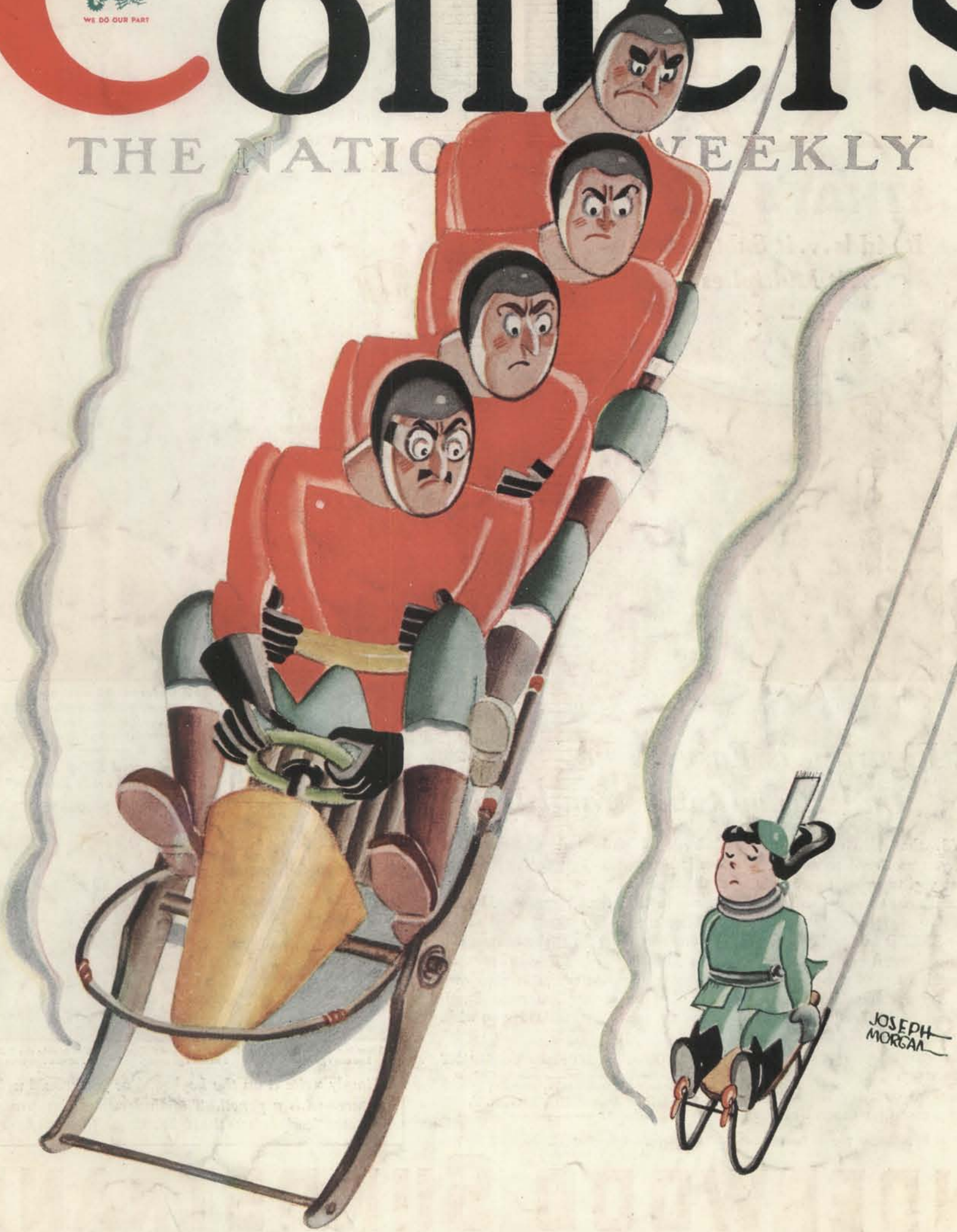
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Money in the Mail Box By Walter

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FEB. 10, 1934

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10 NUMERAL KEYS ...THAT'S ALL!

It Adds... it Subtracts
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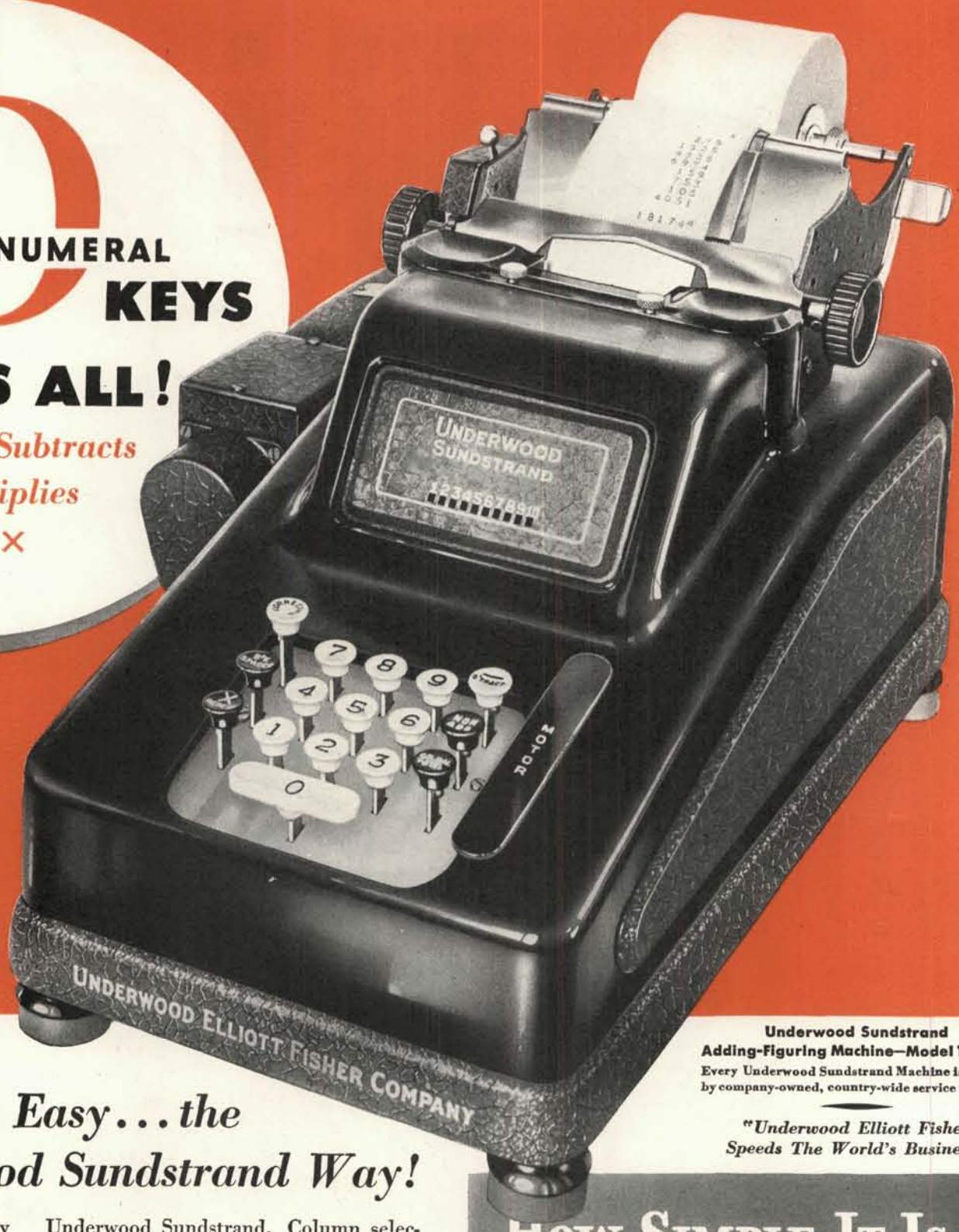

Underwood Sundstrand Adding-Figuring Machine—Model 10140P
Every Underwood Sundstrand Machine is backed by company-owned, country-wide service facilities

"Underwood Elliott Fisher Speeds The World's Business"

Speed Figuring is Easy... the Underwood Sundstrand Way!

TEN KEYS...that's all...one for every numeral you use...and so *naturally* arranged that you tap your figures out *exactly* as you'd *write* them out with pen or pencil.

That's why SPEED in figuring on the Underwood Sundstrand can be attained in a few short hours...why anyone who can do ordinary problems in addition, subtraction and multiplication, can do these same problems on the Underwood Sundstrand now...with greater ease and far greater accuracy.

Just five fingers over the ten keys... and you have complete control of the Underwood Sundstrand. Column selection is automatic. You don't even have to think of it.

See the Underwood Sundstrand Adding-Figuring Machine that is best suited to your requirements at the nearest Underwood Elliott Fisher Branch...or telephone for a demonstration in your own office. You can buy any Underwood Sundstrand on convenient terms if you wish.

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Adding Machines... Typewriters... Accounting Machines
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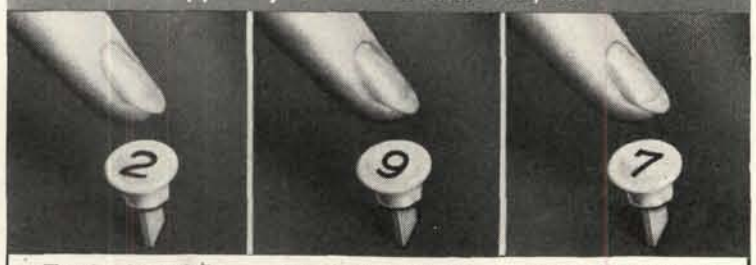
Suppose you want to write ... $2.97



There is only one 2 Key. You can't go wrong.
There is only one 9 Key. You can't go wrong.
There is only one 7 Key. You can't go wrong.

Simply write it on the keyboard as you would write figures with a pencil. The Underwood Sundstrand automatically selects the right column for each figure.

Listen to "THE VOICE OF AMERICA" Thursday Evenings, 8:30-9:00 E.S.T.— Columbia Network — Key Station, WABC, New York

UNDERWOOD SUNDSTRAND

ADDING-FIGURING MACHINES

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Only you and the Apes catch cold!

THE ape can catch your cold and you can catch his. While other animals have what appear to be colds, they are in no way related to that compound of misery, discomfort, and danger we humans call a cold.

Driven by human suffering and economic loss due to workers' absence ($450,000,000 in U. S. alone), able research men have sought the cause of this puzzling universal malady.

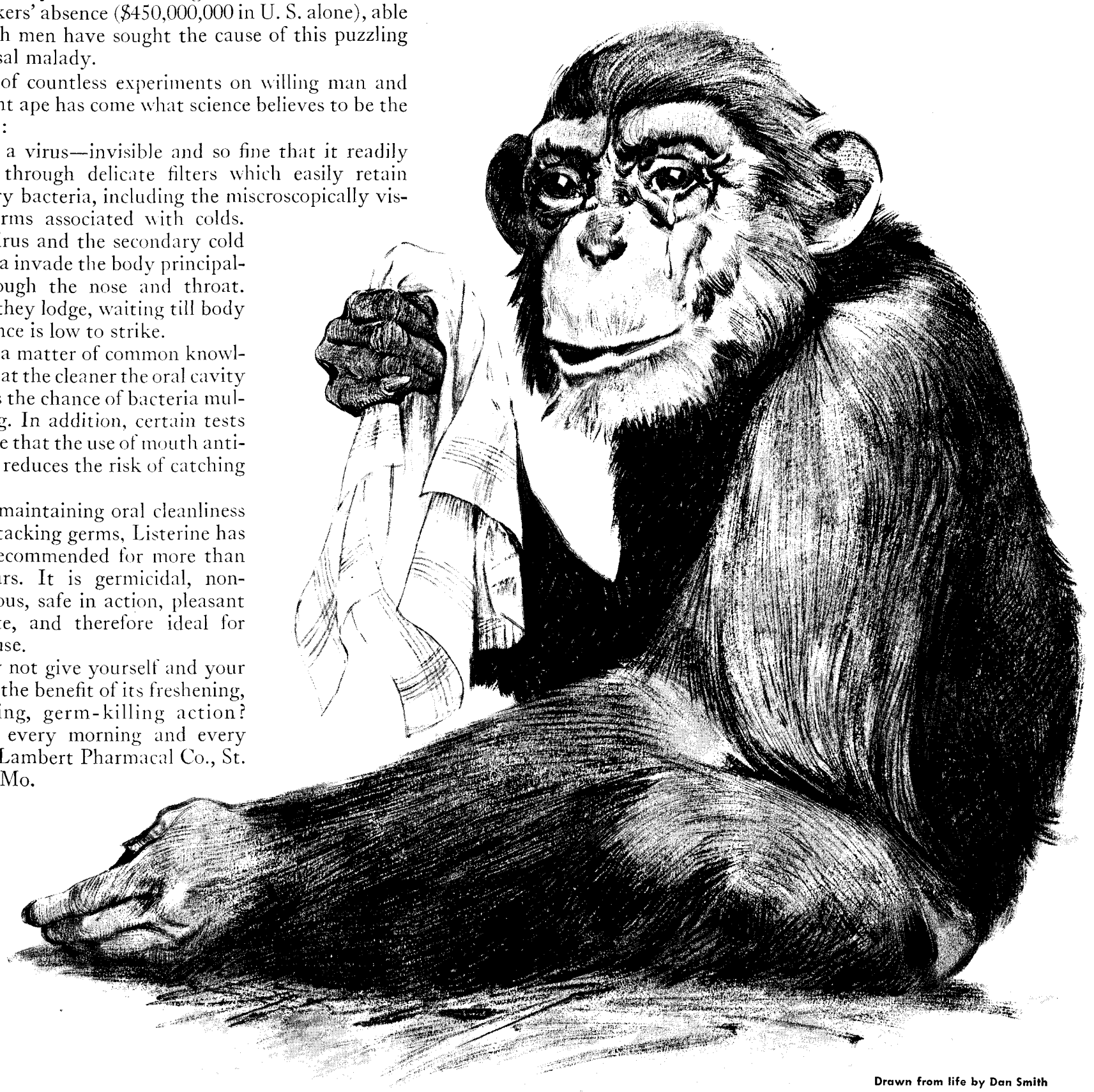
Out of countless experiments on willing man and resistant ape has come what science believes to be the answer:

It is a virus—invisible and so fine that it readily passes through delicate filters which easily retain ordinary bacteria, including the miscroscopically visible germs associated with colds. This virus and the secondary cold bacteria invade the body principally through the nose and throat. There they lodge, waiting till body resistance is low to strike.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the cleaner the oral cavity the less the chance of bacteria multiplying. In addition, certain tests indicate that the use of mouth antiseptics reduces the risk of catching cold.

For maintaining oral cleanliness and attacking germs, Listerine has been recommended for more than 50 years. It is germicidal, nonpoisonous, safe in action, pleasant to taste, and therefore ideal for home use.

Why not give yourself and your family the benefit of its freshening, cleansing, germ-killing action? Gargle every morning and every night. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



Drawn from life by Dan Smith

the safe antiseptic LISTERINE with the pleasant taste

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THEY both belonged to Hollywood, superficially—Captain Jim Breed and Anne Carson. He was a speed flyer, an ace, a man who liked to take desperate chances. She was a newspaper woman. She fell in love with him at first sight.

Breed was a young man, but an old flyer. He'd been famous for a long time. There had been a lot of women in his life—in and out. And now it was Carol Castaine, the actress. She was in love with him. She was determined to marry him. And what Carol wanted she usually got.

Next week Ernest Haycox begins the story of their duel for Jim Breed. Daring and glamour and romance join forces to fascinate you. "Rough Air" is the title. You'd better hold tight.

AND while we're talking about flying we'd like to warn you that you may find yourself at the controls any day now. That's part of the New Deal. Hitherto flying has been either a profession or a rich man's recreation. Now we're going to see a change. Planes within the price-range of motor cars are definitely on the way—good planes, too, made under government supervision. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss America are getting ready to take the air.

Collier's flying reporter, W. B. Courtney, has been prying into the plans of the Department of Commerce and the blueprints of airplane manufacturers. In an important article he gives you the results.

BILL FULLER was caught in a triangle. He was in one corner, Sarah Lee in another, and in the third was the whole firmament—all the stars and especially the planets. You're just out of luck when you have a rival like that; it's overwhelming. The only thing in your favor is that when it comes to a showdown the stars are pretty far away. "You Can't Fool the Stars," Phyllis Duganne points out; but sometimes you can win a decision over them.

YICK FOON lived in San Francisco's Chinatown. Her profession was the white slave trade, or rather, the yellow slave trade. She was a very accomplished and very beautiful and very bitter young woman. In "The Woman Who Won," Charles Caldwell Dobie tells her story.

DASHIELL HAMMETT contributes a dramatic story of the prize ring. Quentin Reynolds, Henri Duvernois, Ray Tucker, Freling Foster, George Agnew Chamberlain and others keep up the fast pace. Eddie Cantor puts the finishing touches on "Ziegfeld and His Follies." And only one week to wait.

This Week

February 10, 1934

Cover by Joseph Morgan

TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS
Nothing from Reno. Take him or leave him. Page 7

WALTER DAVENPORT
Money in the Mail Box. What are the farmers doing with their six hundred million dollars? Page 10

W. A. S. DOUGLAS
I'll Be Back. A very romantic story and somewhat Irish. Page 12

RAY TUCKER
Ball of Fury. Carter Glass rides to battle. Page 14

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Ice Man. The hardest thing about skating. Page 15

ROARK BRADFORD
The Sin Splitter. A battle of the prophets on Little Bee Bend. Page 16

EDDIE CANTOR and DAVID FREEDMAN
Ziegfeld and His Follies, Part V. Stage magicians. Page 18

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Marriage for Revenue, Part IX. Raglan sees the light. Page 20

ALAN LeMAY
Thunder in the Dust, Conclusion. Heroes change places. Page 22

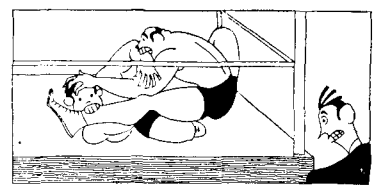
THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Guidance, by Margaret Widdemer. Page 24

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. To the point. Page 41

EDITORIAL
Banks to Bet On. Page 50

Any Week

THERE are people to whom this will appear as of little or no importance. Yet Mr. Owen M. Lottes of Chicago, Illinois, insists that it "takes the mind off the ponderous which we too often confuse with importance. Do you know," asks Mr. Lottes, "that every time you attend a wrestling bout you see no fewer than a hundred and two fouls in each match? Perhaps you wouldn't know these fouls if you did see them. Among the most flagrant are knuckling the nerve centers, spigging, tweaking, boating, gouging, hacking, chopping, lamping, crowning, dousing, trimming, nailing, lunching and celebrating. Lots of fun. Try them on your favorite Public Enemy."



"SOMETIMES," cries Mr. Edward S. Steele of Kansas City, Missouri, "I just don't know! Over in Kansas they are about to get federal aid to impound the waters of the Kaw River to protect the Kaw Valley from floods. They had a flood in 1903. The amount they propose to spend would buy the Kaw Valley plus a good-sized chunk of downtown Kansas City and the government is sending checks to farmers in the valley to pay them for not planting wheat on land which is to be flooded anyway. I'm doing my best to keep up, but this has me a little winded."

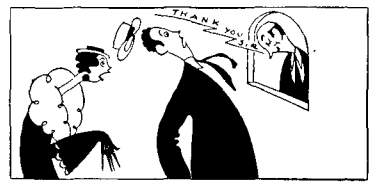
NEVERTHELESS, Mrs. Dyna Dambach of South Gate, California, is convinced that the benefits of the PWA and the CWA overshadow their mysteries. Mrs. Dambach advises us that her husband, a political economist, is now a digger of ditches. "My man," says she, "comes home too tired, thank God, to solve all the problems of the Administration as was his habit. Thank goodness for the trenches again. . . . Starvation is not to be compared with living with a real political economy expert out of work. He is now an unsung hero who does not need to be sung to sleep and for whom a soap box is too narrow to lie down on. Hail to the CWA and PWA. Long may they function."

WHICH warns us to turn to other matters ourselves. First a steaming protest from Mr. J. H. Pollack of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Says he: "I could write a better story than ever appeared in your pages and if you deem this an idle boast, just dare me to do it."

THINGS like that are pretty hard on the intellect, we can tell you. For example, Miss Helen Sparks of Valentine, Nebraska, informs us of the nasty collision a college student of her acquaintance had with the question of public ownership of public utilities. He wrote: "It also abolishes the monopolistic trend which, if given full sway, will cost the public a scrupulous sum."

MRS. K. McNABOE of Houston, Texas, demands to know how we "dared publish Judge Cotillo's article called 'Wife Beaten'?" It dealt, you will recall, with the worst aspects of the alimony racket. "Listen to me," rages Mrs. McNaboe. "If a man makes a contract to buy a house on installments he has to keep right on paying even if he gets tired of it, doesn't he? A woman gets off to a bad start no matter whom she marries, so she ought to get all she can out of it. The only encouraging thing my late husband ever said to me was goodby."

"I DON'T know whether you've noticed it," writes Mrs. Fred H. Koney of Washington, D. C., "but in the general upheaval of government even the littlest bureaucrats have turned to civility. They say please and thank you. In fact, they are civil even when you don't merit civility. What are things coming to?"



THEY are coming to no good, if you ask Mr. L. Ordburn of Nashville, Tennessee. In all this New Deal Mr. Ordburn sees a disposition to "put our faith in a mortal man instead of God." To Mr. Ordburn's way of thinking "the government's activity in spending money for public works and civil works leaves the people with too little time for prayer and is crashing us headlong into atheism. God is our refuge, not the President."

AS MUCH as we dislike to, we close with bad news. Bad news for a friend of ours—Shorty Masterson, the legless newsboy of Grant Avenue and Market Street, San Francisco. Miss Selma Bockman, who, with her brother George, used to buy Collier's every Friday from Shorty, will, for a year at least, get hers by subscription, her brother being the inspired gift-bearer. Some gals, says Shorty, have all the luck.

SO IT might have been worse.

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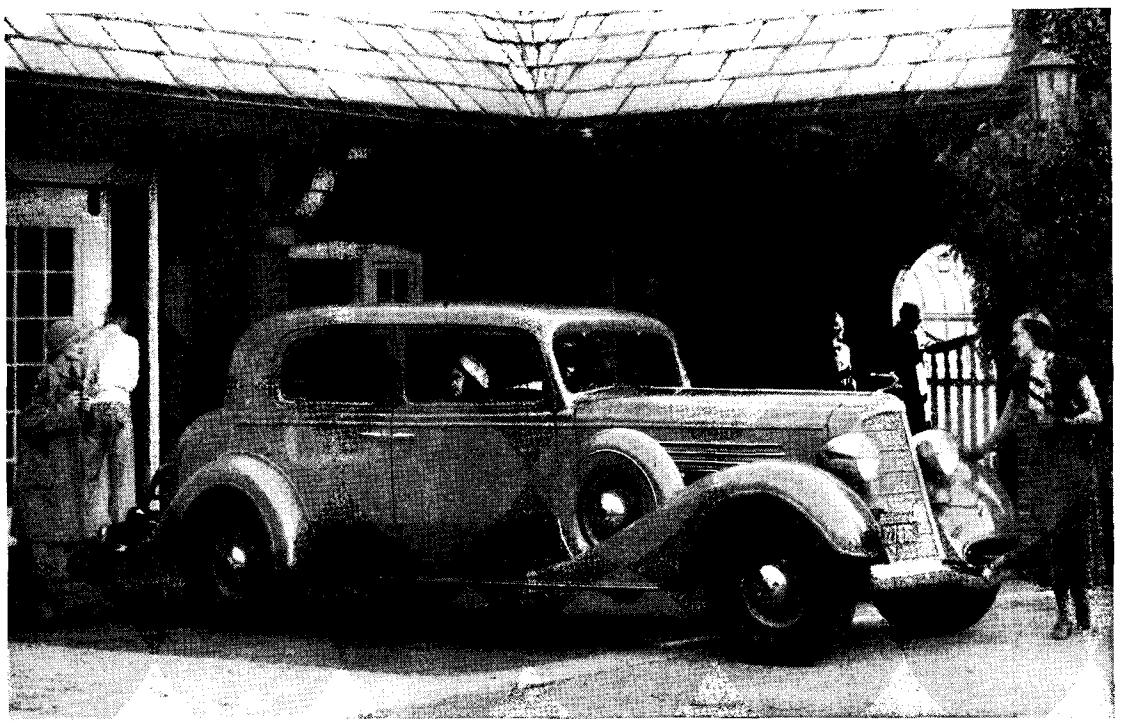
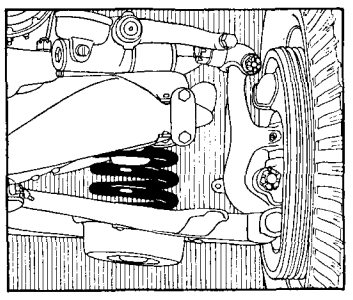
AGAIN there is a better automobile . . . and AGAIN Buick is building it

THE *NEW* BUICK

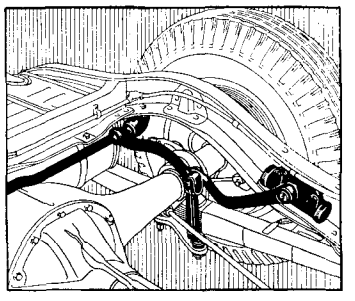
with Knee-Action Wheels

A General Motors Silver Anniversary Model

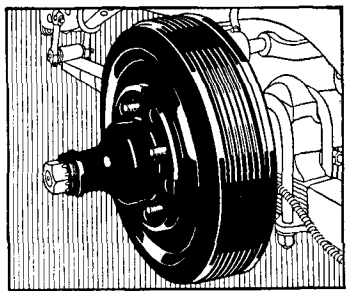




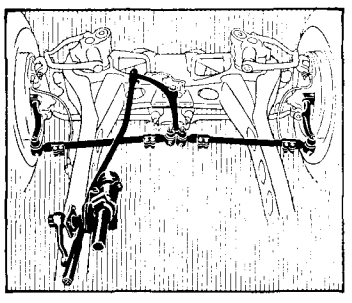
KNEE-ACTION WHEELS



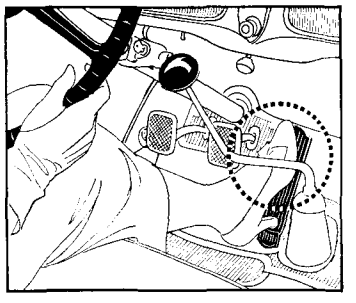
THE RIDE STABILIZER



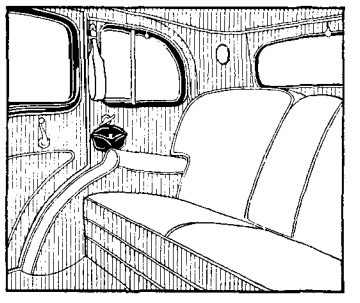
NEW VACUUM-POWER BRAKES



CENTER POINT STEERING CONTROL



COMPLETE AUTOMATIC STARTING



NEW BODIES BY FISHER

AGAIN this year, the outstanding advancements in motor car engineering are advancements introduced by Buick.

★ First of all, there's the new GLIDING RIDE, mainly due to BUICK'S KNEE-ACTION WHEELS with gently operating coil springs.

◆ ◆ ◆

★ And then there's NEW DISTRIBUTION OF WEIGHT, gained by moving the engine forward to give greater body room and to make the back seat ride as comfortably as the front.

◆ ◆ ◆

★ Also the RIDE STABILIZER, which eliminates sidesway and body roll, and new AIR-CUSHION TIRES—both combining with Knee-Action Wheels and new distribution of weight to give Buick's gliding ride.

◆ ◆ ◆

★ Another headliner is VACUUM-POWER BRAKES, giving more effective stopping power with only one-half the former pedal pressure.

◆ ◆ ◆

★ And another, COMPLETE AUTOMATIC STARTING . . . with choke, heat control, spark advance and idle control, ALL automatic.

◆ ◆ ◆

★ And still others—new CENTER POINT STEERING CONTROL . . . Improved Fisher No Draft Ventilation System . . . and new Safety Multibeam Headlighting System, to mention only a few.

◆ ◆ ◆

All of these advancements give revolutionary new results in gliding ease—in safety—in comfort—and in *automatic* operation and control. And almost all of these features, as we have said, *were introduced by Buick.*

See the new Buick—and *ride* in it—at your earliest convenience. Learn how thoroughly it fulfills this pledge—When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them.

◆

REMEMBER—It takes all four of these features to give the gliding ride as Buick gives it:

1. Knee-Action Wheels
2. Balanced Weight and Springing
3. The Ride Stabilizer
4. Air-Cushion Tires

WHEN • BETTER • AUTOMOBILES • ARE • BUILT • BUICK • WILL • BUILD • THEM

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PHILCO *owners wrote this ad!*

Here's an advertisement that is not decked out with carefully chosen words and poetic flights of fancy. The story isn't told by professional advertising men. PHILCO is not saying a single word of its own about the performance of the all-wave models.

In this advertisement PHILCO is letting its customers supply all the "selling talk".

All PHILCO wants to add to their statements about foreign reception is the suggestion that you go to the nearest PHILCO dealer and hear London, Berlin or Paris with your own ears.

Read how they've been tuning in stations all over the world!

Texas Logs Paris and Australia

"Have logged Madrid, Spain; Zeesen, Germany; Sydney, Australia; Daventry, England; Pontoise (Paris), France; Caracas, Venezuela; and North American short-wave stations from Bowmanville, Ontario to Heredia, Costa Rica." * Beaumont, Texas

"Took me around world" says New Yorker

"I have had the 16RX in my home now for some thirty days. I have always been a radio enthusiast but never in my life have I enjoyed such radio reception and such fidelity of tone as I am receiving from my 16RX. It is the first and only short-wave radio that took me around the world and the programs I receive from foreign countries are perfectly amazing." * New York City

"Heard Australia four consecutive Sundays" in Georgia

"In order to test the 16X, I rose early four consecutive Sunday mornings and brought in VK2ME from Sydney, Australia—nearly 10,000 miles away—with volume enough to be heard all over my home." * Sandersville, Ga.

Circling the World in Circleville, Ohio

"A few days ago I bought a PHILCO 16L and have already logged Daventry, England; Zeesen, Germany; Caracas, Venezuela; Paris, France; Madrid, Spain; Cuba and Puerto Rico." * Circleville, Ohio

West Virginia thrilled by overseas reception!

"Last Saturday at 1 P. M. I tuned in Daventry, England, and honestly it was just as plain as a local station. I kept listening to this station for about an hour. I did not know there was such a thrill in tuning in a foreign broadcasting station until I experienced it last Saturday!" * Bluefield, W. Va.

New York hears Europe regularly!

"It is the only radio I know of that can pick up most any of the European short-wave stations with uncanny regularity. Reception comes in as clear as local stations in most cases." * New York City

European stations come in splendidly on Long Island

"This week has been particularly favorable to reception from European stations. I tuned in two German stations, both broadcasting the same program from 7 to 9 P. M. The program concluded with a news report given first in German, then in Spanish and finally in English. Last night I listened to GSA in England and the reception was wonderfully clear, and with volume enough to make you think it was a station in the U. S. A." *Richmond Hill, N. Y.

"Marvelous performance!" says Detroit

"On Sunday morning we picked up Rome and enjoyed grand opera for a half hour. In the evening we listened to London and the program was clear as a bell until they signed off at 1.00 A. M. in London with the chimes of Big Ben. Monday we had Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela in South America. On Tuesday night at about 10 p. m. we picked up Rear Admiral Byrd's ship trying to get in touch with Chicago. To me this performance is simply marvelous and far beyond my wildest expectations. I can hardly believe such a thing can be accomplished." * Detroit, Mich.

Madrid heard in Mississippi with tremendous volume

"In the mornings we receive Barranquilla, Colombia, Germany, France and about 15 American short-wave stations. All these stations come in with great volume and the fading is almost unnoticeable. In the afternoon we continue to receive American short-wave stations and some Canadians. At 4:30 P. M. Madrid comes on and we get them with tremendous volume and very faithful tone." * Jackson, Miss.

PHILCO 16X - $175

**Any name furnished on request*

$20 to $600

All prices subject to change without notice

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

MARVELOUS TONE! Due in large measure to the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction — the revolutionary PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board.

1. Its inclination directs all high notes (sparkle and brilliance) some of which you would otherwise miss, up to "ear level".
2. Its large size permits full reproduction of low notes (depth and sonority).
3. RESULT — Reception as if the artist were present "in person".

SHORT-WAVE AS WELL AS STANDARD BROADCAST RECEPTION! Efficient reception on all American and foreign short-wave channels including the very short waves of the British Empire Station broadcasts!

SUPER "CLASS A" AUDIO SYSTEM! (No distortion from whisper to auditorium volume.)

BASS COMPENSATING TONE CONTROL! Giving that pleasing depth and mellowness combined with the desirable crispness and clarity only possible through correct balance of bass and treble.

Shadow Tuning — Automatic Volume Control — New Auditorium Speaker — Illuminated Station Recording Dial — PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes, etc.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

Listen to Boake Carter over key Columbia Stations

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

All these PHILCO owners above received these broadcasts with the famous PHILCO 16 chassis. In addition to the 16X, illustrated and described, this chassis is also available in these models:

16 Chassis with Remote Control	**$195**
16 Chassis in Attractive Lowboy	**$150**
16 Chassis in Baby Grand Cabinet	**$85**

PHILCO also offers another all-wave chassis — the 44 — in two attractive cabinets.

44H — All-Wave Highboy	**$89.50**
44B — All-Wave Baby Grand	**$65**

A BRAND NEW PHILCO AUTO RADIO AT $55

(Complete and installed on any make car — any model — any year)

A new 1934 model PHILCO Auto Radio featuring a full-size dynamic speaker — the same type used in high-priced home radios.

For better reception from short-wave as well as standard broadcast stations — specify a PHILCO Special All-Wave Aerial

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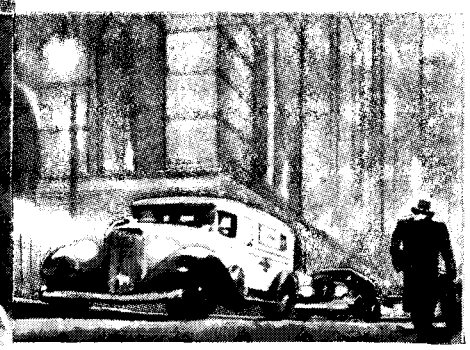
Nothing from Reno

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

Illustrated by Elmore Brown

Yes, now and then there is a woman who, divorcing a man, still loves him—as the wise young doctor in this story was only too well aware



IN HER backless frock of ivory velvet with its high front and the fresh pink camellias in the middle of that front, with a velvet train whispering around her famous feet, and with her tiny hands in a feather muff, Marcia met William Barron Bond in the foyer of the Devonshire.

She walked slowly towards him and she was pale but she was lovelier than ever when she was pale. "How *awful* I look!" she had thought in the dressing-room and had used only a trace of her bright lip-stick because she knew it was no use trying to hide the fact that she was pale.

"And," said Dr. Bond, going to meet her, "the young man returns from furrin parts to find the most beautiful girl in New York more beautiful than ever."

"Bill!" It was marvelous to see him again after all these months, after all that had happened. Strong and dependable, sure and unasking, he was beside her. Looking down at her calmly and kindly, his plain cheek bones browner and plainer than ever.

"It is so lovely to see you again," sighed Marcia. "*Why* have you been so long, Bill?"

"I had to find out what they knew about medicine abroad. I guessed before I started but I had to find out for myself, didn't I?"

"I SUPPOSE so," said Marcia, walking beside him, following the captain into the dining-room. "Did you find out?"

"Plenty," said Bill. He seated himself across the small table. He grinned at her. "I found out what a good American always finds out—they can't teach us a thing."

"Of course not!" said Marcia stoutly. Could anyone teach another anything? She did not know. Her mind was as blank as a blank sheet of paper. She sat without moving. "You haven't said anything about *my* trip," she said.

"What's to be said?" asked Bill steadily. "It's water under the bridge, isn't it? You went to Reno and you are back and you aren't Mrs. Gerald Atwood any more."

"Quite. I left that name in Reno." Could Bill know that you left everything in Reno? That you brought nothing back, really. You reappeared, aged twenty-two; you gathered up the scattered pieces of your life—but they weren't all there; you started in to rearrange them—and they made no pattern.

Bill said: "I like your ridiculous muff."

"Yes," said Marcia. "I can't think how I'm to eat with it, though." She regarded the muff, musing. "I am unable to put it down. I don't want you to see my hands. They're ruined with bichloride and every nail I ever owned is broken."

"Bichloride!" said Bill. He stared at her, reached out across the table, then drew his hand back. "I don't follow you."

She regarded him. After an instant she said: "I'm in training, Bill—to be a nurse. At *your* hospital—at Medical Union."

He straightened in his chair. His eyes were incredulous. "*You*," he said quickly, "a nurse!" He sat very still, staring at her. "Look here," he demanded, "what are you talking about? Which of us is crazy?"

"Both," said Marcia. "But I *am* a nurse."

He looked at the ivory velvet, at the camellias, at the muff. He said: "What nonsense you talk, my darling. This doesn't add up right. Nothing about what you are saying is like you."

MARCIA laid aside her muff; it was as though she laid aside her smile. "That," she said, "is why I had to do it, because it isn't like me."

He watched her, all the lovely angles of her face. He looked at her lovely, slim little hands, at the exquisite nails which artists had painted and photographers depicted for months at a stretch with cumulative pleasure. The hands he saw were, as she had said, roughened by antiseptics.

"As for me," said Bill, "I'm agin anything that isn't exactly like you. You are just the stuff one likes to feed the troops. What's got into you, Marcia?"

"I've learned things," said Marcia. "I know now," she said passionately, "that Jerry was right. He loathed my posing for illustrators. He said he was sick to death of seeing my face on billboards and magazine covers. He was right!" She put her elbow wearily on the table and leaned her head on her hand. "That is what broke up our marriage, that posing, and I saw how it was, how Jerry was right, in the days and nights

"You will be able to go home in a week," she said

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when I had nothing to do but think in Reno."

Dr. Bond's eyes narrowed. "The magazine covers paid the bills," he said practically, "after Jerry's business went haywire. You saved the day, didn't you, with your posing?"

"I don't know what I saved," she said. "I know what I lost." She stared around the room. One would think she was looking for someone. Her eyes seemed to be ringing little bells in the room, summoning someone. "And I was so stubborn about it," she went on as though a stranger were talking through her scarlet lips. "Hateful and mean." She watched a waiter pour Chablis into her glass. "Bill, you remember how Jerry loathed my being a model? He said every time he saw me on a cover he wanted to start a fight with someone."

"Yes."

"I meant well, of course." Her smile flickered over her face like a pale light. "I suppose all wives who have driven their husbands crazy have invariably meant well. I thought I was helping out. But men don't want you to help out—oh, in some ways of course. But can't you see how my way hurt Jerry's pride?" She drew her slim brows together, in the queer, absent way of one whose thoughts revolve about things which have happened long ago. "He wanted me so different. You remember that day Timmy Leder cut his wrist and I almost collapsed because I couldn't stand the sight of blood?"

"I remember. What about it? Who'd have a better right to pass out?"

She sat still, pushing her voice like a little sled over thin ice. "That was the time when Cora Maddlin took charge and sent for you."

"Sure. Cora proceeded to give one and all a demonstration of cool efficiency as it is practiced in the upper brackets. Well?"

"Well—" she paused a second as if saying: "Excuse me; time out for a little torture." Her hand reached out for her glass. "Jerry thought she was marvelous. He was disgusted with me and thought she was marvelous."

"I," said William Bond, "did not think she was marvelous. Nor did I underrate her. She wanted Jerry." He reached a hand across the table and caught hers firmly, as if she were drowning. "So that is why you want to be a nurse?"

HIS eyes were kind to her; his voice calm and kind. Not quick and gay and challenging, like Jerry's voice. She hated thinking of that in that moment, that it was not like Jerry. But that was how it was with her. That was how it was.

Her hand was still in his. "Not meant for work, for nursing and all its drudgery," he said, with the air of diagnosis.

"It's meant for lots of work." She felt very unsympathetic toward her hands, her face, her feet. They had caused her so much trouble.

Bill said nothing. He speared an oyster with a fork and took a sip of Chablis.

Marcia sipped hers absently. "You don't understand, Bill. How could you? You can't think how it is to love someone so terribly that it's like something burning inside you. So that he gets into your bones and your blood and becomes part of you. And when you look at him it's like falling into a deep hole and sliding down it on one's spine—" She twisted her hands. "You wouldn't know about that, Bill."

Bill did not look up but his mouth had grown stern, had grown thin all at once. "I might guess," he said quietly. He hoped it sounded quiet.

"I know," her voice was compassionate and yet angry. "You think you love *me* that way. But you don't, you haven't any idea of it. You love me in your own way but there are such different ways to love!"

"Name them," he said. "Write it out plainer—these ways." His voice was fierce but he looked up and saw the hallucinated, desperate look on her face. "Don't bother," he said. "Let the matter drop." He wouldn't press his own case on this girl who met everyone with a generosity he had never before encountered in any human being. His eyes, which were a chill gray when he looked at other women, rested on her. They became pieces of vivid sapphire in his brown face when he did it. He would not insist with Marcia. He was her friend, would be to the end. Marcia needed friends.

"Why are you using so much bichloride?" he asked.

"They give me cases that need it."

"They would," said Dr. Bond, grimly. "Well?"

"I've been in training seven months," she told him proudly. "And I haven't been dismissed!" She leaned across to him. "Bill, aren't you—can't you be glad for me at all?"

"Definitely I'm glad. I'm proud of you."

BUT she seemed to have lost interest in the conversation. A blight had fallen on her. The evening was wearing on in this room which Jerry had loved so well. She still had that look of summoning someone, of listening for someone, but she seemed too tired to speak. Bill watched her in ever so rapid flashes. He ate, he sipped his wine, he let her rest. She rested.

That was one good thing about being with Bill, one didn't have to talk and one didn't have to look any happier than one felt. She watched the captain lay the foundations of crêpes suzette in the chafing dish beside her. Watched until, in the doorway, appeared two persons—a girl in a sequin frock who glittered and looked a little too heavy for sequins. Beside her was a tall, slim, elegant young man who stared. He gave little time to Bill but gazed at Marcia as if someone had struck him across the eyes.

A long time passed. The young man was so incredibly good-looking that Fate seemed to be kind to the Devonshire in thus holding him frozen, in giving those present a chance to behold him. Jerry had shone in dramatics at college, he had been class president. The brilliance of that beginning, the distinction that it had given him in the world of the campus seemed to hang around him even now. Frayed a little at the edges possibly, a bit shopworn perhaps, but indubitably there in his look, his manner, his own sense of being royal. Royal. That was how Marcia saw him, had always seen him.

"Hello, Marcia," said Jerry.

That was how they met again, when everything was over and done with. When all the orange blossoms and wedding licenses and bishops had had their say, and Reno had come and gone.

"MARCIA, you are looking too divine!" Cora Maddlin, sequins and all, stood over their table, smilingly perfecting a hatred of Marcia which she had roughed out in days gone by.

"Hello, Cora," said Marcia. "Hello, Jerry."

"Greetings, Bill," Cora observed him as he stood stiffly at attention. "Expected our first glimpse of Marcia would be with you. Did you go out to Reno for her?"

"I was in Vienna at the time." Bill looked directly at Cora. His bored perfunctoriness faintly propounded the notion that her brain, it might be, was not all air and fire.

"I've no doubt," put in Jerry bitterly, "there was a line stretching from here to there, bringing Marcia back. Only in your absence, of course, Bill, filling *in*."

Bill seemed to look through Jerry and neither to have seen him nor to have heard what he said.

"Been saving any lives lately, Cora?" asked Marcia. That was stupid, she knew, but she couldn't help herself. Couldn't help remembering, would go to her grave remembering that it was Cora's handling of Timmy Leder's accident which had put the last straw on the breaking back of her marriage. Cora with her millions and her houses and horses and her dogs and her sequins. She should not have minded Cora so much. But she did mind. Frightfully.

"I suppose *you* have been life-saving." Jerry's voice was like a club. "In your usual masterly fashion." His eyes made her seem witless and of no account. "I haven't seen your face on a billboard in a year, Marcia. What's the trouble? Are you slipping?"

"Slipping," said Marcia.

"Jerry really shouldn't mind your posing." Cora affected a genial air as if disposing of a ticklish situation to the benefit of all concerned. "I must take him in hand about that, Marcia."

"I really don't care how you take him, Cora," said Marcia.

She followed them with her eyes as they moved away, the heavy, spangled figure and the tall one beside it with its indolent charm.

Bill sat down again. "I'd have hit her in a minute," he said. "I want no part whatever, of her. She affects me like a fruit salad of the very worst kind."

"She has him bound hand and foot," said Marcia. She looked whiter than ever, delicate as a carved rock-crystal tree. "And yet she hasn't got him at all; and she knows it." Her hands lay against the cloth. They looked lovely and slim and beautiful in spite of the bichloride. She looked lovely and slim and beautiful all over. Her hair was like a light against the dim paneling. And her face looked as if she was paying dearly for the privilege of being alive.

"BILL," said Marcia, "you are my best friend, aren't you?"

He looked at her.

"Then you must help me, Bill."

"Shoot," said Bill.

"Has Jerry been to you about his appendicitis lately?"

"I've been away," said Bill, clenching his hand under the table, being careful not to look grieved because she had forgotten about his having been away.

"He has an attack every so often. You know, you told him the last time he wouldn't last through another without an operation. I know, I feel it in my bones that he will come to you soon. And you will send him to Medical Union."

He saw it all now. "And you would go through all the hell of nursing-training on the chance that you'll be around for that?" He gazed at her, at this girl who was in appearance the day-after-tomorrow, and yet who was a living anachronism, treading in the romantic footsteps of the Victorians. He shook his head. "He may never have another attack," he said. "He may have it when he's off on a week-end, and you may be in the baby ward if he *does* land at Medical Union."

"I may be and that's where you could help. You could tell me he was there; you might even have me put where he is. You see," she said patiently, "I have to show him. I have to show him that it isn't just my face and that I can really be sensible and work."

"I couldn't have you transferred from ward to ward," he said. "I'm sorry, darling."

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"Then I'll *be* where he is," she said. and her faith folded its wings and kneeled by her, brooding. "It couldn't help but work out that way after all I've planned, after the way I've worked. I shall be his nurse!"

He watched the waiter put a demitasse before him. He was a doctor, he knew human nature. He knew there is not a soul in the world who is not convinced that when he wants something very much there is some miraculous power in him that will give it to him finally.

"There is a one-in-a-hundred chance that it will break that way," he said, sure that it wouldn't; sorry, but with an unwavering belief in the failure of her poor little childish idea.

"It *will* happen," said Marcia with utter conviction, as they rose and left the table.

He took her back to the hospital. His face told nothing. No one could tell how he felt about Marcia, who was blind; about Jerry, who never threw admiration away and never recognized any emotion that was deeper; about Cora, who was a second-rate lady; or how he felt about himself.

"Good night," said Dr. Bond, and watched the door open upon her as a gilded child and close heavily upon her as a regimented nurse.

ANOTHER chapter of life began, suspended on an unemotional plane in which she was Miss Sewell, a junior nurse, and he the attending, Dr. Bond. Life was formal, institutionalized. There was no time for social relations.

Marcia went about her work. She had her own battles to fight, her lone hand to play. Her work in the wards improved until not much fault could be found with her. The wards filled and emptied, winter went by, and spring and summer. Patients lived and died rapidly. There were, if one looked around, a great many tragedies going on, and miracles of recovery.

IT WAS a night in September when Jerry—Mr. Gerald Atwood—paused on his way home with Miss Cora Maddlin, feeling the old familiar pain in the right side.

"You look as though you were seeing ghosts," Cora said.

"I'm all right. Very fine." But he lied and he knew that he lied. The pain was growing worse. And suddenly it was not Cora's money nor her possessions that he wanted. He did not want her large white hands nor her rather disagreeable mouth. What he longed for, what seemed the only reality in the universe, was Marcia's helpless adoration, her willingness to lie down and die for him, her tenderness and sustaining love.

And all at once the pain was too much for him. "Oh, God," he cried, doubling up on a couch, "send for Bill, Cora. *Send* for him, will you!"

Cora found Bill and twenty minutes later an ambulance clanged Jerry across the city, past Madison Avenue, up Park to the doors of the Medical Union.

Marcia Sewell was on night duty on the Third Private Floor. In her blue uniform, in her white apron and bib, with her organdie cap a little askew on her bright head, she was hurrying up and down the corridor. Old Mrs. Rotfen in Room 18 was wakeful and peevish; the city editor of the Morning Star was groaning and deploring his fate in Room 23; the heart case in 10 might not live until morning.

Marcia's feet in their white, rubber-soled shoes hurried her from room to room. Those small, helpless-looking but obstinate feet which had whirled her into so much trouble in the past, but which she was guiding now in such arduous, such beaten paths.

"What's it all about? What's it all for?" she was thinking and all the night was before her. Up and down her feet must go, like that mythical general who is described as starting out for the City of Nowhere, and, what is more, being determined he would arrive.

The supervisor appeared, to say that an emergency appendectomy was on the way up, and Miss Sewell was to open the bed in 14. Miss Sewell said, "Yes, Miss Eppley." The elevator rolled open and rolled shut; the stretcher whispered down the corridor, and Jerry, in evening clothes, with the bow of his white tie under the left ear, was in the room and Marcia saw him.

Her faith was justified but she did not stop to think of that. She did not speak for a second for she saw the pain and the fear in his eyes and that look snatched away her words and she entirely forgot to say them. Nothing mattered except that he was ill, that he needed help and that she was equipped

In the doorway appeared two persons—a girl who glittered in a sequin frock and a tall, slim, elegant young man who stared

to give it to him. Jerry was here. She lived again. A new life of love and confidence.

"Hello, Jerry," she said.

There she was, coldly in the routine of her familiar life as night nurse, and the miracle of Jerry had come to pass.

Jerry, twisted on his right side on the stretcher, stared, taking no notice of the orderlies lifting him, removing sheets, starting the process of undressing.

"Marcia!" He said it with his lips, then his eyes said: "Am I mad?"

"It isn't you," he said, "it can't be!" He was lying there, with his mouth open, trembling, staring.

"It isn't you—it can't be!" The words echoed in her heart. It was all as she had pictured it. Exactly as if it were all in a play—all on crazy terms with reality.

She said, precisely as a nurse should say: "I'm the nurse on floor duty. You must not excite yourself. You must not talk."

THE orderlies had him almost undressed, so she left the room, and stayed outside a second, closing the door softly behind her. But she couldn't walk. Something had happened to those little feet, they had taken on a life of their own, apart from Marcia. They wouldn't move. She could not tell what was going on inside herself, but something was. She stood with her back against the wall and her hands pressed flat on each side against the cold plaster. She stood like a forgiven child at the end of a long punishment, like a flower straightening up after rain, like a dead woman come to life.

The interne, whose name was Barry Evans, was coming down the corridor. He regarded Miss Sewell in surprise.

"The emergency appendix in there?" he wanted to know.

"Yes, Dr. Evans."

"He's to have special nurses," said Dr. Evans, "but you will have to carry on, I take it, until they get here." He went into Jerry's room and the night supervisor scurried up the corridor and hurried in after him, history blanks and all.

Marcia became busy with all the affairs that an operative case imposes on a floor. She did all these things. Quietly she went in and out of Jerry's room, obeying the supervisor, waiting on Dr. Evans.

Finally came the moment alone when the supervisor and the interne had gone and the stretcher had not yet returned. Jerry now was only a sick man, terrified. He was in a panic. This was no situation for Jerry, who was light and happy, who wanted to be amused, who was care-free and who wanted something care-free back from life. But Marcia had given him morphine and presently it began to have its effect. The pain was going.

"JERRY," said Marcia, "you have a private room. How does that happen? Has business picked up?" At the end, Marcia and Jerry had only with difficulty been able to keep a two-room apartment going.

"No," said Jerry, "but Bill said that would be all right."

"Bill?" said Marcia thoughtfully. "You are having specials too, day and night."

"Gosh," said Jerry, "didn't *you* have two nurses when you had the flu?"

"Yes," said Marcia, humbly.

"Bill said I'd be more comfortable in a private room, with nurses."

"Of course. You will." Marcia stood still, over by the table. She looked at Jerry. The stretcher had not come, they were alone together. Marcia was quiet, quiet as if life were over, as if she were listening to something across a gulf. "How do you feel, Jerry?" she asked after a moment. "Is the pain better?"

"It's gone!" He looked at her with amazement, with hope. "Sa-ay, perhaps I won't have to have this operation after all!" He stopped and stared at her as if this were a cannibal island and she the woman at the head of the cannibals. His expression grew watchful, suspicious. "Listen," he demanded, "what's going on? Bill, who's goofy over you, tells me I've got to be opened up. How do I *know* I have to? The pain is gone—I feel great—perhaps I

(Continued on page 46)

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Money in the Mail Box

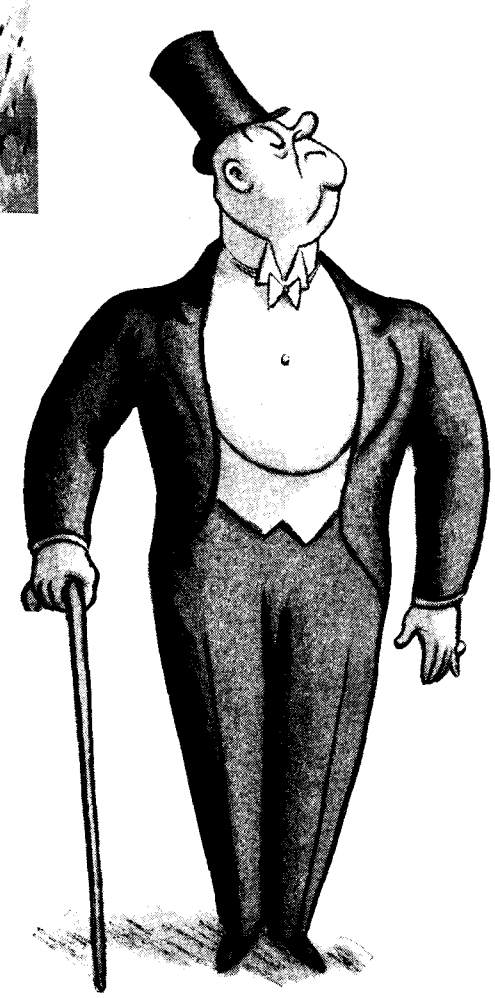
By Walter Davenport

What are they going to do with the money—these farmers who are receiving Uncle Sam's cash? The tax collector stands around receptively and at the bank they'd like to have a little on account. But those store pants in the window in town need buying and the missus wants fur on her coat collar. And if you haven't been shaved by a barber in fifteen years—what would you do?

Mrs. Lundborg was making the decisions, and the family had learned that counter proposals were just so many wasted words

Illustrated by William Steig

Little Rolf, who had never owned a pair of pants that had always been his, was going to get a suit of clothes



A PALLID young woman with a cast-iron marcel, crimson finger nails and much more chewing gum than she needed jabbed a button or two and pulled a small lever. A shining tower of cams, pinions, ratchets, wheels, rods and plates in front of her began to mesh, mingle, slide and sing. A bit disdainfully she picked up a handful of cards which a mechanical carrier had fetched to her right hand and thrust them into the machine's mouth.

Promptly the contraption began to disgorge thin cardboard checks for men, women and estates in thirty states, although they were by no means complete. All around it in one of the massive buildings of the Department of Agriculture block in Washington were similar machines, adding their humming to the golden chorus.

One contributed to the check a serial number, another a code key and, in their order, dates, mysterious combinations of protective dots and characters, addresses and so on. And presently the checks became the business of a thin young fellow with discolored, dexterous fingers. To himself he was whistling Did You Ever See a Dream Walking? and, as nonchalantly as you might flip a spent match into the street, he tossed them into the teeth of his congregation of slides, rolls and pumps. And that was that.

A Flood of Paper Happiness

His was the finishing touch. His gadget had affixed the disburser's signature. When he was through there was nothing left to do but gather up the produce of his machine and carry it into the mailing rooms, where rows of men and women stuffed the checks into official envelopes. In a couple of days they would be delivered to ten thousand villages, crossroads and lane ends and into the heavy hands of farmers who raise the country's wheat, cotton, tobacco, corn and hogs, and so on. At full speed, working twenty-four hours, 45,000 checks a day. And before the job could be finished these singing machines would have given to those farmers at least six hundred million dollars in bonuses, loans, grants and binders. Before it's all done it probably will be much more.

Far down Pennsylvania Avenue, on Capitol Hill, the knobby fingers of Congress are pointing in the direction of this granite building where we stand watching a river of gold rush through this granite canyon. Down there the noise is pretty loud. This, some insist, will ruin us all. Others contend that it is but half enough. What about the pecan growers, the beet farmers, the hop, poultry, asparagus, tomato, sheep, fish and soy-bean men? Answer us that! Off on a side street twenty representatives of the veterans and heirs of veterans of our wars are drawing up stern demands that the money-mill be kept going in the interests of their clients.

And what about the white-collar worker who can find no employment; who, unlike the farmer, has no food harvest to exist upon? And behold the ironworker, the plumber, the truck-driver, the machinist, the carpenter, the paperhanger and journeyman baker? These, too, have lost their homes and some their shirts. These, too, have children to feed, clothe and educate.

Mr. Lundborg Takes It Easy

Let us stick to what we see. We've seen these farm checks made. To get it all we ought to follow them—let's say westward. The cotton and tobacco men have received theirs. Let's go west where there are still things to see and where there is still plenty of room to roam in. . . .

It was on a Wednesday that Mr. Lundborg's check arrived. If he had been the sort of man that kidding discomfited he would have been in quite a dither because all his neighbors had received theirs and had already undergone the mental strain of deciding what to do with the money, not that there weren't more uses to put it to than there were dollars.

But Mr. Lundborg was not a nervous man. For more years than he cared to think about he had raised hogs and corn under a Dakota sky, which could blister Satan himself in the summer and be frozen granite from Thanksgiving to May Day. Mr. Lundborg had learned to wait; Nature had taught him. Droughts had shriveled him and locusts had devoured him. Poland China hogs —waddling, snuffling mammoths—and Hampshires, too, had curled up on him overnight to die like babies in a black pestilence and he hadn't bothered so much as to learn the queer name of the thing that killed them. Such incidentals to a farmer's life as tax collectors and mortgage holders had besieged him and he hadn't even asked them how much they wanted. What would be the use? He wouldn't have it. The fatalistic Mr. Lundborg's veins ran full with patience.

So he knew that sooner or later the government was going to send him exactly four hundred and fifty-five dollars —something more than half of it right away and the rest a year hence—and he wasn't to be flustered by all this nonsense. Moreover, "with all them machines this AAA has down there in Washington to do its arithmetic and other thinking with," there would be no oversights nor errors of computation. Mr. Lundborg had more faith in machines than in men, particularly politicians. If, says he, you get a good machine and give it a little attention such as going over it with a wrench and oil-can now and then, it isn't going to fail you when you need it most. Furthermore, it isn't worried about next election and never says anything it doesn't mean.

Therefore when Mr. Lundborg's check did arrive he did not have a nervous breakdown. Years ago, when he was young, he might have devoted most of those waiting hours to spending his bonus in advance; but he is now past middle age and the bounding years and the receding harvests have left him disillusioned. A farmer, says he, plants his fields hoping for the best; and some

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"I'm taking the whole works," said Mr. Lundborg

If the decision had been left to little Rolf, he would have chosen a bicycle

The farmer is strengthened by the conviction that at last he is considered as important as the capitalist

farmers refuse to go that far. They just plant their fields.

Rather than compile a schedule of the things he intended to buy, Mr. Lundborg had gone in for checking off what he wouldn't do. He owed the bank money, for example. But the bank owed him some, too. Last March his bank shut up tighter than a state's witness and nobody strong enough had come along to pry it open—nor foolish enough to try. So let the bank go chase itself with its conservator in it. He owed taxes too; but who didn't? He had been hearing a lot about taxes lately, although he suspected that something more than ninety-nine per cent of what he had heard wasn't so.

Anyway he had heard that some were going to be written off and some rewritten and that Congress was going to do something about them. So his taxes wait a while despite the moans of local politicians that local government would cease to function if taxes weren't forthcoming from the landowners. As far as Mr. Lundborg was concerned it could go ahead and stop functioning, if it hadn't already. Let government find a way for him to sell his corn and hogs at a fair exchange price—say sixty cents a bushel and seven or eight cents a pound—and he would pay taxes. Besides, what did they mean—"landowners"? Between the bank, the tax collector and the owners of his mortgages he had lost grip on about everything but the door-latch of the house he lived in. And that was pretty loose.

So when the check arrived, Mr. Lundborg did precisely what most of his neighbors had done. He converted that card into cash. And believe him, that cash felt good. Understand this: I am not citing Mr. Lundborg because he departs from the ordinary but rather because in all essentials he is frankly representative of so many corn-belt farmers. And as far as his grasp of the general situation goes he is completely representative of Wisconsin's dairymen, Philadelphia's lawyers, New York's stockbrokers, Oklahoma's oilmen, Washington's lumbermen, California's fruit growers and North Carolina's weavers. He just limps along with the rest of us, hoping he's headed in the right direction.

Planning a Spending Spree

But with the actual money in his capacious hand, Mr. Lundborg called the family together. And after considerable argument, Mrs. Lundborg handed down the family decision. She usually does. The situation had been gone over in great detail, the family devoting much time to all the stories they had heard. Thank heaven, they weren't as foolish as one farmer down in Central Iowa. That fellow owed a lawyer two hundred dollars for representing him in a fruitless suit to recover seven acres of land from a neighbor who had built a fence on the first man's land. What with the absence of a proper survey and a lot of technicalities of that kind, the court had decided in favor of the fence-builder.

Since then the complaining farmer had made a survey and wanted to sue all over again. But his lawyer wouldn't act until paid for the first action. And now he had taken two thirds of the money he got from the government and paid the lawyer so that the latter might reopen the battle. Well, the Lundborgs weren't that foolish. Mr. Lundborg said that he'd give seven acres of land to anybody foolish enough to take it. Mrs. Lundborg suggested that he might give a little land to charity or the church, like the good people of Ireton, Iowa, had done.

Over in Ireton the Christian Reformed Church was in a bad way. It was not only in debt but it needed practically everything that a church can require except a congregation. So the members decided to give the church a load of corn each, hauling it to the church and building a crib around it and then borrowing thirty cents a bushel on it from the government and turning the money over to the pastor.

But Mr. Lundborg let the subject drop and asked his wife whether she had any sound ideas. She had. The north side of the house was no longer winter-proof. The wind had lost all respect for that side of their home and had become as familiar with the inside of the house as it was with the outside. Mr. Lundborg nodded. Thirty dollars for lumber. Out in the barn he already had enough nails to build a courthouse. Next.

Well, they wouldn't have to spend much for foodstuffs. The Lundborgs and their neighbors might be stony broke but it would be a long time before they starved. In the barn, the smokehouse, the cellar, attic and in sundry side rooms and closets there was food enough to keep the township well nourished for a year—pork, beef, dried and canned vegetables, potatoes, apples, home-ground flour and so on, not overlooking several five-gallon kegs of applejack to thaw out the interior of Mr. Lundborg after a frigid day in the fields. But they would be needing such things as sugar, coffee, salt and the like, which even so capable a man as Mr. Lundborg could not coax out of his corn-belt acres. So much for that.

As for the children—the young ones—well, Rolf was going to get a suit of clothes. Rolf, upwards of twelve now, had never been the proprietor of a whole suit of clothes. In fact, Rolf had never owned a pair of pants that had always been his. The only breeches he had ever worn were reach-me-downs converted from the remains of what some older male in the family had outgrown. Not that Rolf cared much. Were the decision left to him he would have chosen a bicycle or a radio; but Mrs. Lundborg was making the decisions and Rolf as well as his father had learned that counter-proposals were just so many wasted words. Moreover, and somewhat to the surprise of Mr. Lundborg, she now had the money in her hand. The money in one hand, a pencil in the other and thinking hard—that was Mrs. Lundborg. So her husband merely nodded at appropriate moments.

But a little later he contributed a few words. Let's see: There was lumber for the house, staple groceries for the pantry, so much to the grocer on that old bill, store clothes for the children, spectacles for young Anne, who had needed them a year, a subscription to the newspaper because these were no times to be going around unaware, several new parts for the motor car, two barrels of white paint and one of red, something on that seed loan. And so on until Mr. Lundborg called a halt.

Even a Little Foolishness

"What are you getting?" he demanded of his wife.

"Me?" said Mrs. Lundborg, suddenly flustered. "Oh, I got a couple fool notions but I ain't paying any attention to them. If I had all the money I needed I'd get those photos the man took of the children framed."

"Put that down," said Mr. Lundborg.

"I'll see," said she. "I was looking through the catalog at coats, too, but—"

"Put her down," said Mr. Lundborg, clearly leading up to something.

"How much money do you think you got?" demanded Mrs. Lundborg. "Listen, what's got you? What do you want? You got something on your mind, you have."

Mr. Lundborg had. The fever of spending had captured him and he confessed. It almost flattened Mrs. Lundborg, who wasn't quite sure it was altogether moral.

"Well, if you're bound to be a fool, I might as well be one too, seeing that I married you," she said. "If you really want to know what I got on my mind—"

So on Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Lundborg drove to town alone. Leaving Mrs. Lundborg on West Main Street where the shops begin, he sauntered over to Steve's Southpaw Shave Shop where, to his amazement, he found six farmers ahead of him.

"I was sort of expecting you, Mr. Lundborg," said Steve. "I was just saying yesterday it was almost time for Mr. Lundborg to have his hair cut."

Mr. Lundborg was silently reading Steve's framed price list. It informed him that one could have one's hair cut, be shaved, singed, massaged, shampooed and all but drowned in bay rum for one dollar and seventy-five cents.

"I'm taking the works," said Mr. Lundborg.

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I'll be Back

By W. A. S. Douglas

Illustrated by William Meade Prince

You have heard of the luck of the Irish. Take, for instance, John Gilbreth and the girl he left behind him

YOUNG John Gilbreth leaned over into the belly of his boat and picked up a codling by the tail. He whirled the fish around his head a wheen of times and let it go. Fine shooting. An angry old man was standing on the strand of Rathlin Island, engaged very busily in telling John what he thought of him, his people, his drinking habits and his distaste for work. He had rounded off as pretty a piece of cursing as ever you listened to when the fish caught him square on his big, loud mouth.

"Och, och, och," spluttered Pat McNary, giving a wipe to the blood that was running from his split lips into his gray beard. Clean out of bad language the codling had knocked him. Like an old crab he started to skitter up and down the beach, looking for stones to throw at John Gilbreth. As much chance he had of finding one there as he would the grace of God in the Highlands of Scotland. Young John laughed his head off, set his spritsail, and then stood up, the sheet in his hand, for a last word with the man who was declining the honor of being his father-in-law.

"Listen to me, you old gaberlonie," he shouted across the stretch of bright blue water, "I'll be back for Kathleen in a coach and four as fine as your landlord ever rode in. Put that in your old clay pipe."

Pat, out of words and out of weapons, could only stand there shaking his fist.

"Take home that codling," yelled the young fisherman, "and eat what you didn't bite off when it lit in your mouth. I'll see you in the long by and by, Pat."

THE spritsail was bellying nice to the wind and the boat was heading as though she herself knew the way to Ballantrae and the Ulster coast. Young John sat him down, the sheet in his right hand and the helm in his left, turning his back on Rathlin Island. And he raised as fine a singing voice as you could ever hear in all Ireland—never mind John McCormack—and the words floated back to old Pat there, coughing with the rage:

"With my bundle on my shoulder,
Sure there's no one could be bolder,
Though I'm loath to leave the country
I was born in.
But I've lately took a notion
For to cross the briny ocean,
And I'm off to Philadelphia in the mornin'."

"God be praised, that's the last I'll see of him, the dirty, designing man," muttered Pat McNary. And then his eyes caught the fine young codling.

He picked it up and took it home, just as John had told him to, and had his wife, Mary Ann, a quiet, worn-out woman, cook it for him. He was a careful fellow, McNary, and that was how he had goats and donkeys and ponies and sheep and cattle. And for the same reason the other way round young John Gilbreth and all the other Gilbreths had nothing—nothing at all but good looks and a way with the women.

"Where's Kathleen?" asked Pat at the table, his mouth full of fish and potatoes.

"She's over in Bushmills at the party they're giving for John Gilbreth before he leaves in the morning," the tired woman answered him. "She'll be staying with Mary McMullan. There's no harm to that."

"Praise be, the lazy lad will be out of the way tomorrow," repeated Pat.

I've been calling the island where Pat McNary bred his sheep and goats and other odds and ends by the name of Rathlin. That's the way the English have marked it in the geographies. But as long as Ireland's been Ireland her people have called it Raghery.

It was Raghery when Robert the Bruce, hiding from King Edward the First of England, six hundred years ago, got his courage back by watching a spider give him a lesson in hanging on. It was called that when Queen Elizabeth's soldiers surrounded the four young sons of the terrible Ulster chief, Sorley Boy McDonnell, and put the boys and all their followers to the sword. Eight hundred men they killed in very cruel fashion at the massacre of Raghery in 1584. But Sorley Boy soon balanced the ledger. He gutted a hundred Englishmen for each one of his dead boys, and three and a half for every clansman. He measured the halves very correctly by cutting every seventh man exactly across the middle in two neat pieces. Pretty close to three thousand heads were soon stuck on poles around the castle of Dunluce on the Ulster mainland overlooking Raghery. Elizabeth pulled no more tricks on Sorley Boy after that showing.

THE island lies in the blue water of St. Patrick's Channel, about nine miles to the north of the Giant's Causeway. The causeway, as almost everybody knows, was built by the giant, Finn McCool, who piled these beautiful, many-sided stones together in very decorative fashion. Finn, you might say, was a fine architect, and gave present-day organ-builders their first models. He got angry one day at his grandmother and turned her into stone. That's hard to believe, but anyone who ever journeyed along the coast of the County Antrim can back me up—for no one could miss seeing the old woman sitting there astride of a little mountain.

"Dear God," she said, "make the man see me"

And another thing to show the temper of McCool. He was very friendly with the Scotch people—even to the extent of wearing a Scotch bonnet. Something that nobody seems to remember made him change that opinion one morning and what does he do but pluck the bonnet off his head, toss it into the sea, and at the same time turn it into stone as he did his old grandmother. There it sticks out of the water today, to which statement thousands of people who have visited the causeway can testify.

You will naturally want to know what Finn McCool has to do with the island of Raghery and old tight-pursed Pat McNary, his daughter, Kathleen, and Philadelphia-bound John Gilbreth. Well, McCool put Raghery where it is. He was fond of taking a dander over to Scotland—this was before he threw away the bonnet—by way of the Mull of Kintyre, which sticks out off the lowlands into the sea, and points at Ireland. Well, big fellow and all as he was, Finn had in his latter days to take a running jump before he could make it—something over twenty-three miles it was. He was getting a bit old, and fat, and lazy.

"WHY the hell am I exerting myself?" he asked himself one hot morning after he had made the jump. He had lit a morsel short and gone into the water and the splash had flooded a big part of the lowland county of Wigtownshire, drowning about four hundred sheep-stealers. That hurt Finn, for all in all he was a kindly man with no time for the border English from whose farms the sheep-stealers got their decent living.

"I'll fix me a stepping-stone," he said. And sure enough, as soon as he got back to Ireland, he reached over to about the middle of the country, the part that is now known as the Bog of Allen and is just a soft hole in the ground. It's that way because Finn just pulled a piece right out, three miles wide and about eight miles long. He took it in his hands and dropped it into the sea—and that's the Island of Raghery. From then on the giant just took two steps to Scotland, a short one to his stepping-stone, and a nice long throw of his leg to Kintyre.

Kathleen McNary stood on a corner of the

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island on which her father was doing such a fine job of farming and looked out toward Scotland. She had been there a couple of hours already and there she would stay till the Glasgow liner bound for Philadelphia would pass her by. Many's the time she had done the same thing, but there was a lot of difference in the watch she had now set herself. Her fine, big, red-headed playboy, John Gilbreth, was on board, bound for fame and fortune, after which he would come back, tell old Pat to jump in the sea if he offered any objections, and whisk her off to the States.

That was the plan. John had told her so many and many the time. Holding her close to him, that last night on the mainland when his friends had given him a fine goodby party, he had gone over it all again.

"I'LL always be playing here, my wee girl," he had said. "The gentry and the big farmers never think serious about men with my name. If they want a horse broke, or a day's gaffing with the salmon, or to make up a football or a hockey team, they'll send for a Gilbreth. But for steady work they mock us. I laugh at your father when he tries to shoo me off Raghery, but, deep down, Kathleen, the old penny-scraper is right. You could have any fine, hard-working young farmer you wanted, and what you see in me I can't quite make out."

She nestled to him, and he knew very well what she saw in him. He was the best-looking man in the county and there wasn't a girl, rich or poor, who wouldn't have taken him willingly. But Ulster fathers are dour men, and Ulster girls do what they are told—even though hearts are to be broken in the doing.

"You'll do fine in America, dear heart," she told him. "There'll be no distractions of any kind at all. All you'll have to do will be to leave the drink alone and build yourself up a fortune. And I'll be waiting always."

"Always, dear?" he asked her. "Always is a long time. I've set my limit at five years, and it wouldn't be fair to ask you to wait longer."

"I'll wait all my days," she whispered into the pocket of his vest.

"And I'm telling you it won't be necessary," he said. "Inside of five years—well inside of five years, I'll come for you in a coach and four—"

"You can come for me in a donkey cart, my dear," she told him. "Just so long as you can show my father you have a job. After all, and for all the noise he makes, he's looking out for me."

"A coach and four, or better," John insisted—and inside the house the fiddler was playing "Rory O'More"; which is a song about another fellow who made big promises. "I'll drive up in such style that your father will be astonished out of curse words. I'll be like Peter Maher, the Irish heavyweight. They might even unhook the horses and the boys themselves haul me from the railway station."

"They couldn't haul you in a carriage over the water to Raghery," laughed the girl—with a tear in the laugh, for the parting was near by.

"I'll devise a stylish way of landing on Raghery," he told her. And they stood there on that warm August night, taking a long, long time to say their long goodby.

KATHLEEN thought of all that as the sea wind whipped at her skirt, and she stared out at Scotland. Do you know that the wee islands around Ireland seem to breed the most beautiful of women? Maybe it's the wind and the salt air, and the being away from the crowding up of all people. A skin like the petals of a rose she had. That's been said many a time before but was always exaggeration—politeness, you could put it. Her eyes were blue, and her hair blue-black. Western blood was in her—Connemara blood—and if you want to know what that means, have Power O'Malley show you his painting of the Connemara girl.

There was a line of smoke to the northeast and the girl took out a long strip of white linen that she had by her for this very purpose and tied it to a broom handle. The smoke grew heavier and the nose of the American liner came into view.

"I'm hoping they come near by," said Kathleen to herself. "The water's deep enough, and if John has had a chance to speak to the captain I know he'll do it. He can talk a man into anything."

But she stood there for quite a while before the red-and-white-funneled boat was across from her. She waved away at her flag, stopping every now and then to wipe the tears from her eyes. They would fill up despite herself.

"Dear God," she said, "make the man see me. Make him see me, soon, soon, soon."

And, sure enough, something took pity on her, for at the tail end of the boat a white streamer like hers showed up. It waved from the stern. There was a half mile of distance between them, too much to make out anything but their pitiful little flags.

"Till you come back again, my dear," cried the girl, the tears falling fast.

And on the stern of the Philadelphia boat John drew his great fist across his eyes. He waved his flag as long as there was a speck of Raghery to be seen.

The girl stood there on the point till even the smoke of the ship had faded out. She had kept the supper waiting, and her father started in to scold her. But he looked at her swollen eyes and thought better of it.

"She'll get over that," he said to himself, as he forked a potato.

A GOOD-LOOKING, friendly Irishman with an aptitude for anything but work may have the impression that he is running away from temptation when he goes to Philadelphia or any other American city where his own kind of people abound. Those good intentions of John Gilbreth's carried him along the line, but he was sore beset.

He landed at the foot of Washington Avenue and boarded a street car two blocks up. And who do you think was nickel-stealing aboard that craft? Nobody else but Henry McCrae from Dervock, the same man that had gone to school with John and poached salmon with him along the Bush River. The two of them acted like a couple of silly women. Then Henry climbed off the car with John at the first saloon and told the motorman to ring up the barn and get another conductor, that he was

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"Are any of you drunks willing to take a nice, easy passage to Liverpool?"

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Ball of Fury

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

There's one Democrat in Washington who doesn't love the New Deal and doesn't hesitate to say so. Carter Glass, the baiter of Republicans, is now engaged in a one-man rebellion against Franklin Roosevelt. Democracy, in his experience, was never like this

CARTER GLASS is the unhappiest man in Washington. His state of mind has been of so much importance for a quarter of a century that almost everybody is asking, "What's the matter with Carter?"

Representing as he does the conservative South, his attitude is of historic rather than casual interest. He is a Democratic patriot, patriarch, prophet and often, as now, a Jeremiah. His old thatch, once a bright red, now white, has been at times the only splotch of color shining on political battlefields as a signal that one Democrat had not surrendered.

Although the senator from the Blue Ridge erupts openly now and then, his natural diffidence and aristocratic reserve prevent him from giving the public a close look into the fiery center of his mind, his emotions, his heart. But shifting sourly in his Senate seat or pacing restlessly in the cloakrooms, this elder statesman from Virginia, who reveres the Democratic party as an inherited religion, who hates all Republicans individually and collectively, sputters and snarls at the policies and purposes of that great, contemporaneous Democrat, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Glass' state is vividly portrayed by a sympathetic friend, who calls him a "red, rolling ball of fury."

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Wide World

Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, Wilsonian gentleman-Democrat who is the arch-antagonist of his party's new policies, and highly articulate about it. Below (left) he is talking Banking Bill business with Senator McAdoo, and (right) passing a pleasant moment with a couple of fine Democratic fellows, ex-Secretary Woodin and Senator Byrnes

The quarrel between him and the Administration is epic rather than personal. The two principal figures are illustrious Democrats, cultured and aristocratic gentlemen, and both were servitors of Woodrow Wilson. Washington has witnessed many feuds, but it has seen nothing to compare with this. Hiram Johnson's hatred for Herbert Hoover was a deep, personal thing, flaming as brightly over a napkin rebuff as over an affair of state, and Bill Borah's amused contempt for recent Republican Presidents was something to chuckle over and gossip about around tea tables. But the disillusionment and disgust of this proud, conscientious Virginian have a quality of high tragedy and suffering.

He is not so much an angry politician as a King Lear battling with the strange and strident elements on the national heath—a temporarily futile rebel against the spirit of a new day—and a New Deal—as embodied in the gay young iconoclast in the White House.

The 1932 Explosion

It would do the senator some good if he would vent his snarls and feelings more frequently and fiercely, as he did during the 1932 presidential campaign. So sick that he was under a doctor's constant care, he rested on the shady veranda of his farmhouse in Lynchburg, and planned to let younger men make the speeches. He was not sure, anyway, that he liked the premonitory rumblings and birth pains of the New Deal. But he could not abide Mr. Hoover's claim that all ability and honesty had been providentially placed in the Republican party, and, much to his wife's alarm, he set about the preparation of a reply.

He grew, as he often does, emotionally apoplectic. But when the hurriedly summoned physician examined the fuming, choleric patient, he said: "It will do him more good to let him get rid of the poison in his system than to have him go on this way."

The speech was by common agreement the most devastating of the campaign, and it helped to restore the senator's health and, an even greater feat, his good nature.

His reaction to the "Roosevelt revolution" represents more than the prejudices of a seventy-five-year-old senator who sees the parade passing by without him at the head. He could have been Secretary of the Treasury, but he declined for reasons which are now obvious. He may suffer some twinges of disappointment, but Carter Glass is not a spiteful or superficial man.

The New Deal of Franklin Roosevelt, in his eyes, betrays the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson. He cannot become reconciled to what he assails as an "administration of insanity," fanatical Democrat though he would like to be. Although other party graybeards, including such a contrasting personality as Alfred E. Smith, deplore the Administration's trend, the distance the Democratic party has traveled from the idealistic Wilson to the realistic Roosevelt may be measured most accurately by considering the plight of Carter Glass. He is the old Democrat sitting in judgment on the new.

The Protagonist of an Old Order

The times—and the Democrats—are completely out of joint for him. He denounces the NRA and AAA as "communistic," and wonders why Russia has the temerity to recognize us. He spits out such words as "dishonest and dishonorable"—and he is the soul of honor—in referring to abrogation of the gold contract clause, and submits the same opinion to the President at their infrequent meetings.

For the present, however, he is only a Democratic voice crying in a Rooseveltian tumult. Most of the colleagues who once heeded his every word when he spoke on financial and monetary matters, now traipse after Mr. Roosevelt and his youngish professors. Old friends remonstrate with him, trying to temper his hostility, but without much luck.

The only man he will obey, and then only on matters of health, is his friend and physician, Admiral Cary Grayson. One day, having run away from doctor and nurse so as to get rid of some poison at his senatorial office, he answered the phone, to find that Dr.

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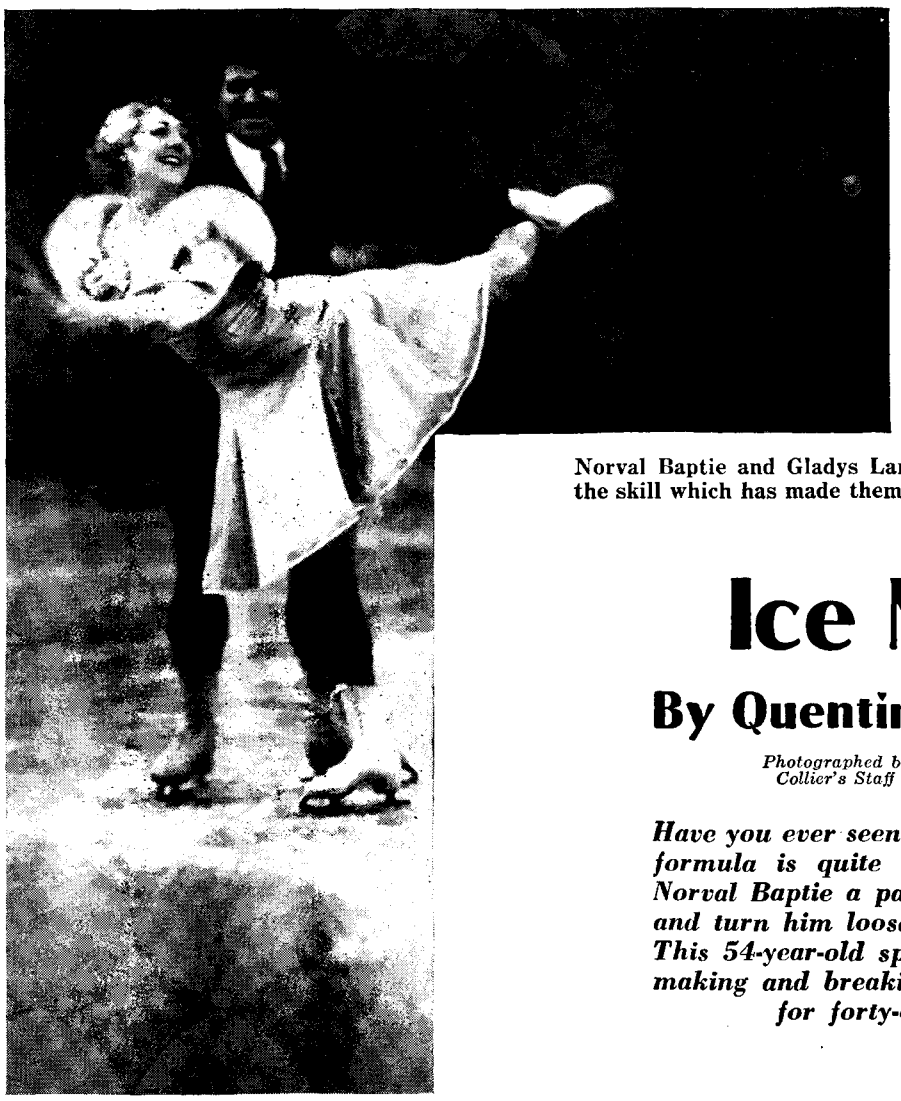

Norval Baptie and Gladys Lamb, his wife, and a sample of the skill which has made them the world's best skating team

Ice Man

By Quentin Reynolds

Photographed by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

Have you ever seen scorched ice? The formula is quite simple—just hand Norval Baptie a pair of racing skates and turn him loose in a frozen rink. This 54-year-old speed king has been making and breaking skating records for forty-odd years

IT WAS 1911.

Ty Cobb was hurling his spikes into second base and slapping the ball around to the tune of a .420 batting average. Honus Wagner led the National League in batting that year and they were saying about Home-Run Baker, "There'll never be another like this baby." Ralph De Palma was giving the customers chills and thrills as he hurled his big Mercedes around the wooden oval of the racing tracks. Fogler and Clark won the six-day bike race that year and W. A. Larned won his fifth consecutive national tennis title.

Jack Johnson was king of the fistic world then and they were beginning to talk of a White Hope. J. J. McDermott won the Open golf championship and Norval Baptie skated 440 yards in 41⅕ seconds on a sixteen-lap track to establish his tenth world record.

The sporting pageant changes swiftly and twenty-three years is an eternity. The stars of 1911 are now only names in record books and Old Father Time chuckles, for he has had the last laugh. But sometimes his chuckles have a sour note, for now and then a Norval Baptie refuses to admit that his joints are creaky and that it is time for the comfort of an easy chair and slippers. Baptie is undoubtedly the greatest skater the world has ever known. He held every world's record for speed and when that became wearisome he turned to figure skating.

In 1911 he felt that he was getting old. He felt old—much older than he does today. He was then thirty-two.

"I held every speed record there was to hold," Baptie says, "so I thought I'd switch to figure-skating entirely. But once you've tasted speed it's hard to forget. Now and then when some fresh kid would break one of my records I'd go out and get it back. I established a flock of new standards in 1918 just for the fun of it. You know the best thing about skating is that you never really get old. Why, I could go out on the ice now and come near to equaling any record I ever made."

Anybody who is in the business of writing sports becomes very annoyed at the monotonous cry of the old-timers insisting that they are just as good now as they were when they were champions.

"Be yourself," I told him. "You're old enough to know better than to say things like that."

"In 1911 I made a world's record of 41⅕ seconds for a quarter mile on a sixteen-lap track," Baptie said calmly. "Here at the Red Ball Rink where I teach the track is a sixteen-lap track."

"So what?"

"So come around tomorrow about six-thirty with a stop watch and I'll prove to you that I can still go," Baptie said.

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Exhibition skating—the grace of the ballet and the speed of light

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The Sin Splitter

Balaam and his boss pay a visit to the folks at Little Bee Bend, where there's plenty of money for anybody—and a whole lot too much sin

By Roark Bradford

REVEREND Sin Splitter Samuel was about to yield to temptation. In fact, although the Splitter did not yet realize it, he already had yielded, and at the moment he was mentally busy trying to find justification. For he had just determined to leave the sterile hills of North Louisiana, where heaven and earth almost joined and where the Lord walked close to mankind, and to journey into the rich fields of the Red River bottoms, where the black dirt was ripe for seeds of cotton and the black souls of men and women were reeking with Satan's handiwork.

The Sin Splitter studied Balaam's left ear curiously and hopefully. Balaam's left ear was the preacher's sin barometer. The mule's right ear wagged indolently with the swing of his fox trot as he jogged loose-jointedly down the dusty road. But the left ear stood erect, pointing neither forward nor backward nor to the right or left to indicate a nest of iniquity.

"Balaam," Sin Splitter Samuel addressed his mount intimately, "I wonder is you gittin' deef in de nose, too, like you is in de years? I bet hit's so much sin over yonder in de bottoms to I kin might' nigh smell hit myse'f."

Theologically, the Sin Splitter was a Baptist. He was conceded to be a Free Will Baptist, and generally known to be of the Running Water persuasion, although over at Dry Prong he had immersed a flock of the Lord's newly converted lambs in a horse pond, after the fashion of the Still Water cult. And when old Aunt Dinah Weathers, over at Bayou Sara, chided him for a breach of doctrine, he smothered her with Scriptural authority.

"De Book say," he had expounded, "dat de Lawd wawked fawty miles to de Jurdin to git baptized *by John*. And de reason de Lawd got his mind so daid sot on gittin' John to do de job is cause John was de onliest downright preacher in dat part er de country. You see," he added modestly, "dat was away back yonder, befo' my time."

WHILE Sin Splitter Samuel had little difficulty in explaining away theological points to others, his own life was complex, and he suffered constantly from ethical disturbances. There was, for instance, the continual battle within his heart as to whether his next revival would be held in the hills or in the bottoms. The hill Negroes were poor and godly; their lands were thin and sterile. It kept them working all day and praying half the night to make enough cotton to "pay that man" when the crop was sold. A week-long revival in the hills seldom yielded more than a week's free board, and not very good board at that. It did yield, however, a mighty harvest for the Lord in regenerated souls and spiritual outpourings.

On the other hand, the river bottom Negroes not only fed the preacher well, but old Balaam fattened on the Johnson grass hay and odd nubbins of corn that were provided for him. And always there was a cash collection for the Lord, which the Splitter handled as His steward. But the Lord knew and the Splitter knew that the river bottom Negroes were reeking with sin; that their whooping and shouting lasted only as long as the meeting lasted, and that even in the midst of a red-hot sermon Old Satan was biding his time.

As Balaam approached the forks of the road he slowed to a walk. To the right lived godly people who worked and fished and prayed their lives away, content with little on earth and secure in the faith of eternal happiness.

To the left the road led straight down Tidwell's Hill, into the rich, sandy Red River bottoms, where cotton grew rank and sin grew ranker; where the people lived on big plantations and where a man's credit was so good he could buy meat for every day in the week, and then buy Sunday clothes for his women. It was, the Splitter knew, the devil's own stamping grounds.

"Take yo' pick, Balaam," instructed the Splitter. "I and you out workin' for de Lawd. And don't forgit dat Paul say hit take grace, grit and greenbacks to carry de Word."

Balaam almost stopped and pointed his right ear forward studiously.

"Us got de grace and de grit," the preacher went on, "and de greenbacks is mighty thick over in de bottoms." He dug Balaam in the side with his heel and pulled ever so slightly on the left rein. Balaam turned to the left.

The Sin Splitter sighed. "Well," he said resignedly, "efn you pyore made up yo' mind to go rampin' amongst de sinners, hit ain't for me to argy."

In a short time Balaam had descended the hill and had resumed his jogging fox trot down the shady, winding road that ran by Willow Chute Bayou. The air was damp and cool here, and heavy with rich, pungent odors of growing things. Cabins on the bayou side of the road looked neat and inviting, with bright-colored flowers in the yards and sawmill-lumber gates swinging to the gateposts. The Splitter snorted his disgust with the whole gaudy display. Balaam, keeping his left ear strictly erect, appeared not to notice.

PRESENTLY, as they turned a sharp bend, Balaam's left ear pointed. The Splitter sighted down the pointing ear and saw a woman sitting on the porch of a cabin. She was playing an accordion and singing in a bored tone:

"Say, whar'd you git dem high heel shoes,
And de dress you wears so brown?
Say, I got dem shoes f'm a sawmill man,
And my dress f'm a man in town,
sweet thing,
Got my dress f'm a man in town."

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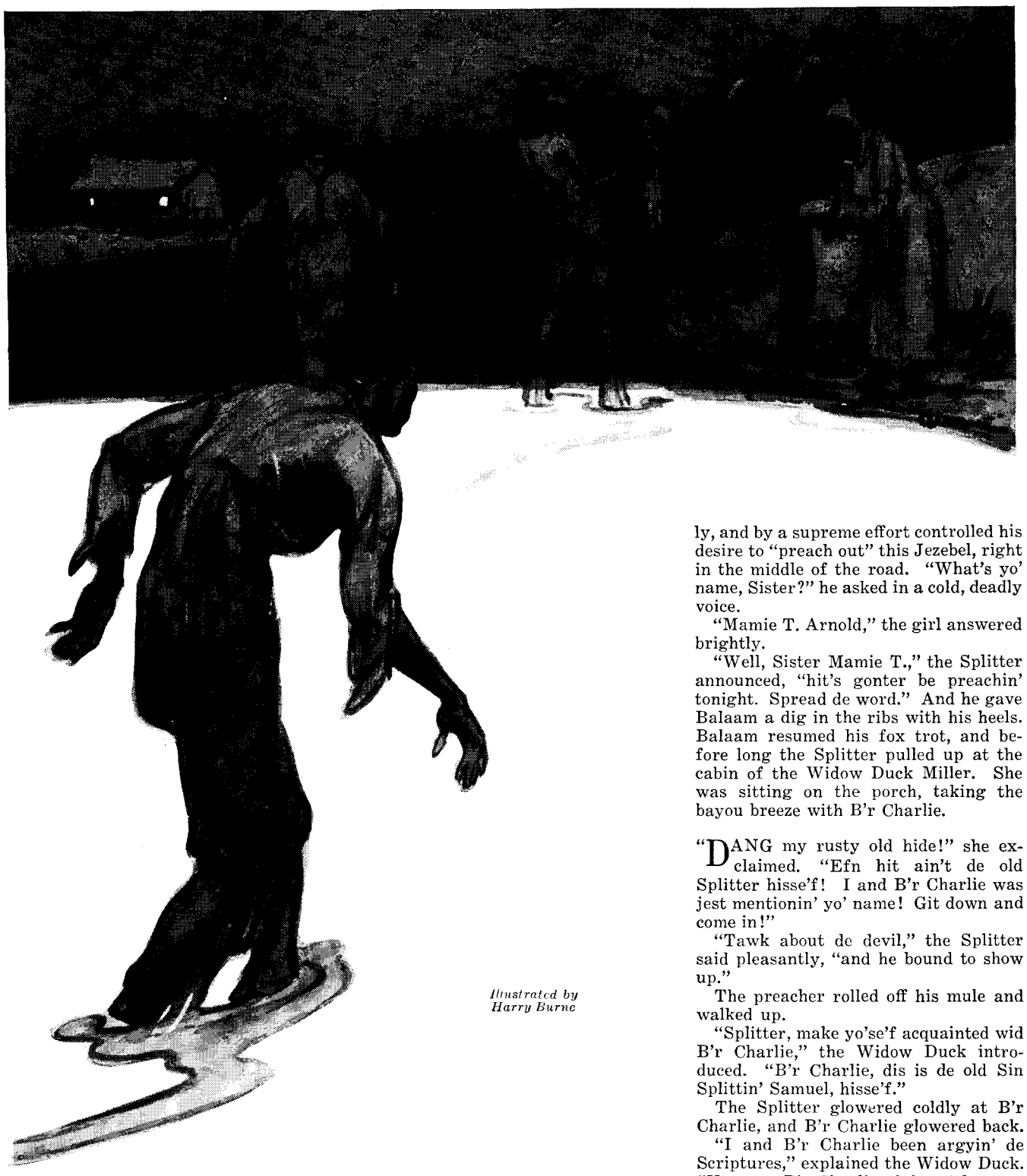

Illustrated by Harry Burne

"Come one and come all," he shouted, "and git yo' sins washed clean." They came in droves, and the Splitter baptized them

The Splitter pulled up in front of the house. "Howdy, Sister?" he greeted. "Kin you tell me whar at Mis' Duckie Miller livin'?"

The girl put her accordion down and came to the gate. "She live down de road a little piece," she directed. "De fust house de yuther side er de bridge." She was young and friendly and not the least bit shy. "You de Sin Splitter Samuel, ain't you?" she asked.

"Dat's how dey call me," the Splitter stated.

"I figgered you was," the girl continued, "soon's I seed dat old red rusty mule you's ridin'. I hyared about you."

The Splitter was not surprised. He was known all over the northern part of Louisiana. "You," he observed, "must 'a' growed up since I was down dis way de last time."

"Or else," the girl reasoned, "too young to know about hit. I'll make eighteen next plantin' time."

"You ain't redeemed?" It was more of a positive statement than a question.

"Oh, sho'," the girl asserted. "I been redeemed might' nigh ev' since I kin remember. I sings in de choir."

"What!" the Sin Splitter exploded. "You a member and sings in de choir and you was settin' hyar singin' a low-down reel when I rid up!"

The girl laughed. "Dat's all right," she said lightly.

"Don't you know hit's a sin to sing reels?" demanded the preacher.

"Sho', sho'," the girl answered. "I's a Grace Faller, and I falls might' nigh ev'y week. But I gits back on Sunday."

INDIGNATION boiled up inside the Splitter. "Whoever," he demanded, "ever hyared tell of a Grace Fallin' Baptist? I'd ruther be a High Land Methodist!"

"B'r Charlie thinks hit's all O. K.," she said. "He preaches like dat."

"Who dis B'r Charlie?" the Sin Splitter wanted to know.

"B'r Charlie Bailey," she told him. "He de preacher 'round hyar. He blacksmiths hyar on Little Bee."

The preacher twisted his mouth sourly, and by a supreme effort controlled his desire to "preach out" this Jezebel, right in the middle of the road. "What's yo' name, Sister?" he asked in a cold, deadly voice.

"Mamie T. Arnold," the girl answered brightly.

"Well, Sister Mamie T.," the Splitter announced, "hit's gonter be preachin' tonight. Spread de word." And he gave Balaam a dig in the ribs with his heels. Balaam resumed his fox trot, and before long the Splitter pulled up at the cabin of the Widow Duck Miller. She was sitting on the porch, taking the bayou breeze with B'r Charlie.

"DANG my rusty old hide!" she exclaimed. "Efn hit ain't de old Splitter hisse'f! I and B'r Charlie was jest mentionin' yo' name! Git down and come in!"

"Tawk about de devil," the Splitter said pleasantly, "and he bound to show up."

The preacher rolled off his mule and walked up.

"Splitter, make yo'se'f acquainted wid B'r Charlie," the Widow Duck introduced. "B'r Charlie, dis is de old Sin Splittin' Samuel, hisse'f."

The Splitter glowered coldly at B'r Charlie, and B'r Charlie glowered back.

"I and B'r Charlie been argyin' de Scriptures," explained the Widow Duck. "You see, B'r Charlie ain't got but one laig, and Red River too swift for him to baptize de lambs in dat, so he been duckin' 'em in de bayou, whar it ain't so tricky."

"De Lawd," observed Sin Splitter authoritatively, "wawked fawty miles to git baptized in de river—"

"To git baptized *by John*," put in B'r Charlie.

"Hunh!" the Splitter grunted.

"And now he claimin'," the Widow Duck said, "dat hit don't make no diffunce how you gits baptized, so long as you gits. He claim dat since de bayou got so low and muddy, he kin baptize outn a gou'd!"

"Sprinkler!" accused the Sin Splitter.

"De Lawd don't keer is yo' britches wet or is yo' haid wet," B'r Charlie insisted, "so long as yo' soul gits wet."

The Splitter deliberately turned his back on B'r Charlie and said to the Widow Duck: "Hit's gonter be a meetin' tonight. You spread de word."

"Not in my church," objected B'r Charlie.

"In God's own big road," the Splitter told him. "Right in front er de house, hyar. Now, y'all quiet down so's I kin rest my eyes a little." And without preliminaries he stretched out on the porch, covered his eyes with his arm, and went to sleep.

When he awoke, the odor of frying chicken filled his nostrils. He stirred and sniffed in pleasant anticipation.

"I figgered you'd wake up," the Widow said brightly, "efn you slept long enough."

The Splitter looked around. It was just about sundown. Balaam was eating corn from an improvised trough near the end of the porch and there was a bale of hay within reach.

"Giles 'low yo' mule look too mangy to put in de lot wid de yuthers, so he sont him over some feed."

"Balaam'll make out," said the Splitter generously. "Ain't hit might' nigh supper time?"

Widow Duck relayed the question to the kitchen, and Penny, who was doing the cooking, said that supper was practically ready.

THE Splitter accepted the feast of fried chicken, collard greens and corn bread with dignity and grace. He was receiving the best the Widow had to offer, and according to his social status as a visiting revivalist he was entitled to just that. The meal was tasty and the talk informal. The Splitter's capacity for food was unbelievably huge, but the Widow Duck had prepared an unbelievably large amount for him.

When they had finished eating and returned to the porch, B'r Charlie was waiting for them.

"Splitter," he said, "I changed my mind about you usin' de church for yo' meetin'. I figgers hit's all de Lawd's work, and hit don't make much diffunce who do de preachin'."

Sin Splitter grunted noncommittally.

"O' cou'se," continued B'r Charlie, "hit costs money to run de church, wid de lanterns and all, so I figgered efn we kind er ha'ved de collections—"

The Splitter stood tall and straight in the darkness. He put all the sarcasm in the world into a single word and flung it at B'r Charlie: "Sprinkler!"

B'r Charlie backed away slightly and countered: "Sprinklin' suited de Lawd all right, when de Hebrews was crossin' over de Red Sea."

Splitter advanced a step toward the local preacher and snarled: "Grace Faller!"

B'r Charlie was in retreat, but not defeated. The tall, cadaverous man with a forty-year reputation for preaching startled him but did not overwhelm him. "Hit's a few Methodists round hyar," B'r Charlie explained, "widout no preacher. So I eased a little on de doctrine and tuck 'em in. I lets 'em call hit grace fallin' efn dey wants to, but I knows hit ain't nothin' but backslidin'."

"FALSE prophet in de land er Sodom," thundered the Sin Splitter, "I speweth you outn my mouth, hyar and now, and quick as I gits done preachin' you out, tonight, de Lawd gonter speweth you out, too."

"Y'all stop dat quar'lin'," commanded the Widow Duck. "Hit's good to argy about de Bible, but hit ain't to quar'l about. 'Wharfore I sows my seeds in kindness, but he or she which reaps a whirlwind, let him abide therein.' So say de Sperrit."

The argument degenerated into a surly silence which lasted until the moon rose.

With the rise of the moon, the people began to assemble at the Widow Duck's. They filled her front porch, overflowed her yard, and gathered in groups in the big road in front of her house. The Widow Duck had "spread the word" effectively merely by announcing to the passers-by that "hit'll be a Sin Splitter meetin' tonight;" and these people who walked the bayou bank carried the word clear to Vanceville. Mamie T. got the news started down Red Chute in a like

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Ziegfeld and his Follies

The story of a man who

"The girls must be flooded with a bright, white light." That Ziegfeld edict was always enforced rigidly, even if the scene called for midnight on the ocean. Of course it often brought Flo into conflict with his famous scenic artist, the late Joseph Urban, but, after bitter argument, the bright, white lights always flooded the set

THE beginning of every great Ziegfeld production was a roll of cloth and a strip of canvas. Even before the girls had been selected or the comedians and other performers engaged, Zieggy would be fingering samples of silk and looking at sketches prepared by his scenic artist. His desk would be cluttered like a dressmaker's with pieces of imported fabric, and apparently unrelated clippings from magazines would lie around—but they were usually unique styles or scenes he had culled from foreign publications.

During the production of Whoopee I had a better opportunity than ever to study Flo and his methods. The most perplexing part of a musical comedy is its finale. After starting a show and carrying it through the first-act climax, nobody seems to know how to finish it. Sometimes finales are not written until two hours before the opening night. Most producers think of finales in terms of the story or the actors they have hired.

Zieggy thought of finales only in terms of color. We were sitting worrying about the finish for Whoopee when suddenly Zieggy's face lighted up and he announced, "We're going to have a pink finale." Even I was to be dressed in pink. All the costumes would be pink and silver.

Pink and white were his favorites and he repeated this color scheme in show after show. He hated violet in any shade. He had a leaning toward gold, and in Louis XIV he insisted on having Miffin 14-karat gold cloth for the butler's costumes. Veronica, his costumer, tried to dissuade him from this extravagance, but he insisted that it would be the first time and probably the last that any male would ever wear such an expensive cloth in a theatrical production.

The All-Important Costume

Flo's sensitive feeling for fabric and color was unique in show business. Veronica told me he had the most delicate and artistic hands of anybody she had ever met in the theater. He examined material like a virtuoso handling an instrument, and tracked every piece of clothing down to the most minute detail. In the Maypole Number of Louis XIV he felt that the girls' headdresses lacked something. He finally decided to import hand-embroidered pink ribbons that were woven about their heads like braids.

In Whoopee he spent weeks selecting hats for the chorus in the Wild West number. He literally looked over thousands of shapes and styles until he decided on the ten-gallon hats which the girls eventually wore in that number. And those were the hats he was determined to get, even though delivery could not be made before three weeks and might have delayed the opening of the show.

Clothing was so important to Flo that very often he would call in his staff of writers, composers and lyricists to look over the sketches he had selected, and say to them, "These are the dresses I want the numbers built around." At a dress rehearsal he would sit for hours watching comedy skits without ever cracking a smile or even showing real interest. But the moment the girls began to parade in their costumes his whole manner became alert.

There was one infallible test of whether the clothes satisfied him. If he got out of his seat and began to walk backwards up the aisle, fixing an appraising eye on the chorus, everything was all right. But if he lingered on in his seat, it meant the number was out.

A New Note in Stage Settings

If he eliminated a number, the costumes were never used again. A new set of costumes would have to be made for the new number. He would never retain an old set of costumes in a new show even if they had previously been worn only once at a dress rehearsal. He would sell them to burlesque shows or dancing acts in vaudeville, providing the costumes would not be shown on Broadway. I remember one set of costumes he had ordered for the Midnight Frolic and discarded at dress rehearsal. He could have sold them to a vaudeville act for what they cost him, but when he learned the act was to play in New York he refused. He sold them a year later for ten cents on the dollar.

In the early '90's Zieggy used European clothes for his production, but after the first Follies he had most of his costumes made here. He felt that European dress was heavy and cumbersome, and destroyed the charm of his girls. During one production that he put on at the Century Roof he imported Mlle. Simone from Paris. At dress rehearsal he saw her for the first time in all her European finery. Zieggy was furious. Her costumes jarred his artistic sense and within twenty-four hours he had an entirely new wardrobe prepared for her to wear on the opening night.

His notion of blending costumes and scenery was a passion with him. He once passed a department store where he saw a beautiful window display of a grape arbor. He promptly called Veronica on the phone and asked her to meet him in front of the store window. When she arrived he pointed to the grape arbor and said, "I've just bought this for my daughter and I want you to design some costumes for her that will fit this background."

Up to 1916, Flo's scenic effects were typical of his time. If his productions had a sprightlier quality it was mainly due to the originality he displayed in dressing his girls. The sets themselves were either copies of pictures he had seen in magazines or productions abroad. But in 1916 he definitely introduced a new force into the American theater which revolutionized the entire concept of scenic art.

Gene Buck had taken Zieggy to see an

Keystone

The late Joseph Urban mounted Ziegfeld shows with color and magnificence

Andersen fairy tale, The Garden of Paradise, playing at the Cosmopolitan Theater, then known as the Park. The show only played two weeks, but the settings were so remarkable that all the local critics commented on them. They observed that the scenes were designed and painted by one Joseph Urban and they punned on the fact that all the rest of the show was "sub-Urban." Zieggy had never heard of Urban and neither had anybody else along Broadway.

Originally, Joseph Urban had come to the St. Louis World's Fair to represent Austrian art. In Austria he had designed cathedrals and palaces, and at the World's Fair he introduced the first model of a portable house. American business men promptly tried to negotiate with him but he could not speak English, and when he heard the business men talking "party of the first part and party of the second part," it frightened him and he ran back to Vienna. He told me that if he knew then what he knew later, he would have stayed and to every "party of the first part" he would have added a "whereas."

A Wire from Ziegfeld

In 1911 he designed the settings for Debussy's opera, Pelléas and Mélisande, which proved a sensation in Vienna and Berlin. The Boston Opera Company then imported him to do their sets and very soon Urban found himself a prospering artist, designing scenery for operas in Paris and London as well.

The World War shut out all these activities and when George Tyler brought him to New York to do sets for the Garden of Paradise, Urban was penniless. He went back to Boston in the hope of salvaging some of the money which the defunct Boston Opera Company owed him. He was made a present of the studio which had originally been built for him when he designed the opera sets.

He lived alone in this huge deserted hall next to the old Opera Theater with nobody but a doorman whom he could consult in matters of English. By this

Albert Davis Collection

Charles Winninger in a scene from Ziegfeld's outstanding success, Show Boat

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built an American tradition

By Eddie Cantor *and* David Freedman

Albert Davis Collection

Eddie Cantor, principal star of the Ziegfeld success, Whoopee

time Urban had begun to keep a little notebook of English words and their German equivalents.

One day a telegram arrived that worried Urban immensely. It was in English. He took out his little book and began to decode the wire. It read, "Can you see me in New York to fix my roof? —Ziegfeld."

Urban was nonplussed. He had never heard of Ziegfeld and did not know how he could possibly be expected to fix a roof, but the doorman clarified everything. Ziegfeld was a prominent theatrical producer and the roof was his famous Midnight Frolic. By this time the doorman had become his business adviser and general counsellor. With his help and the inseparable little book, Urban framed the following wire to Ziegfeld: "Send money for trip both ways otherwise you come to Boston." That was the beginning of an incessant telegraphic correspondence that lasted from 1916 to 1932.

A Curtain of Pearls

Urban went to New York and met Flo, who spoke fragmentary German. Urban asked him what he expected him to do for the Midnight Frolic and all Ziegfeld could say was, "I want you to make it—*wunderbar*—you know—like the Garden of Paradise—*wunderbar*."

The first set Urban prepared for the Midnight Frolic was a simple effect of two huge vases and a glittering curtain of pearls. Zieggy marveled at the effect, for the pearls on the curtain looked absolutely genuine and, if they had been, the curtain would have cost over a billion dollars, but Urban explained how it was done. The entire curtain was made of large medical capsules, the kind that are filled with powders for people to swallow, only these were the size used for horses. Urban had sprayed them with silver in order not to have them too transparent, and the light playing on this combination gave the milky glitter of pearls.

Urban did twenty-nine Midnight Frolics. Every effect was something new and thrilling. Zieggy wanted him to do a Follies, but Urban, still firmly rooted in the tradition of the classics and very skeptical, said he would first have to see the show. They made a special trip to Indianapolis to see the Follies on tour and Urban was disappointed. He expected a light opera or something that preserved artistic continuity. Here was a complete hodgepodge of everything and anything, and being hardly able to understand what was going on he thought the whole thing was nonsense. He told Zieggy to throw out the entire show except Bert Williams, Leon Errol and Ann Pennington. Zieggy assured him that it had already been a big hit in New York and made a fortune on the road and not to worry about it but to start sketching scenes for the next Follies.

Urban realized in a disconnected revue of this kind he would have to draw numberless sketches to fit costumes and ideas submitted by song writers and authors. He decided to make a drastic condition from the start. He told Flo: "Listen! I do not make the scenery to fit your material. I design the scenery first and then you fit your material to it."

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Marriage for Revenue

By George Agnew Chamberlain

The Story Thus Far:

LARRY RAGLAN learns that Adsit Abbott, his partner in Abbott, Raglan & Co., Stockbrokers, is dishonest. He promptly sells his interest in the firm to Abbott, and starts on his own. From his old office he takes Regis Mulholland, a beautiful girl who becomes his secretary; Kit Bilderback, a pretty reception clerk; and one "Happy," an office boy. Strange complications develop.

Abbott is having an affair with Raglan's divorced wife, Eleanor. He has made a fortune in Wall Street—and Eleanor worships wealth. But Abbott has a roving eye. And Regis Mulholland interests him. The girl has a small income; since the death of her brother she has worked—much to the disgust of her sister-in-law, Dora Mulholland, a suave, climbing opportunist. Abbott watches Regis—and waits. . . . Unknown to Regis, Dora meets Larry Raglan and, to Regis' amazement, inveigles him into marrying her.

The marriage is a dismal failure. Raglan loves his old home—an antiquated structure in a far from "smart" neighborhood. There he and Dora (who admits that, like Eleanor, she loathes the house) soon learn that they can never be happy together. A divorce follows.

Meanwhile Regis and Eleanor have both learned much concerning Adsit Abbott's true character. And both know him for what he is: an astute gambler who, despite his obvious strength and rare charm, is not to be trusted. . . . Successful for a time in the market, Abbott presently loses heavily. He tells Eleanor of his reverses. "I," Eleanor announces, "am going to Paris." And, secure in the knowledge that Raglan must pay her alimony of a thousand dollars a month, she goes—takes the first available boat. The same boat on which Dora—Mrs. Raglan No. 2—is sailing!

With Tony Allerton (a young Wall Street "genius") Raglan makes a fortune. He keeps his share, invests it wisely. Allerton loses his. Then, the victim of a tumbling market, Raglan, too, is caught. How, he wonders, can he save himself? Regis Mulholland gives him the answer. For months, secretly, she has been analyzing certain bonds; bought now, they are sure, in time, to yield millions. Deeply grateful to the girl, feeling toward her as he has never felt before, he kisses her. Shocked, Regis pushes him away. "I am leaving," she says angrily, "and I am never coming back." She goes out. Raglan stares at the list she has given him. "I've thirty thousand dollars," he thinks. "Thirty thousand dollars between myself and nothing!"

IX

RAGLAN did not visit his office on the following day nor the next; instead he paced up and down in his living-room. With business degenerated into a process of sitting tight while what was left of your resources melted dollar by dollar before your helpless and unbelieving eyes, why do the sitting at a desk? But that was not why he stayed away. The scene between himself and Regis had shaken him to his foundations, showing him how far his nerves had slipped, startling him with the threat of further pitfalls. What had happened to his brain—perhaps was still happening. That sort of thing wasn't like him. To grab a girl, manhandle her—Regis, of all people!

Love is blind—sure! But need it drive a man crazy? That's what it had done to him as surely as if a mad dog had nipped his leg, only a lot quicker. So falling in love and getting hit over the head with a sledge hammer could be twin events! He wouldn't have believed it short of a demonstration, but he had the fact for a sign. Looking back, he flushed with shame. Even so, why couldn't he have caught himself in time to sleep on it—think the thing out? Five minutes would have saved him—five minutes of thinking would have told him not to rush at her ever, that she wasn't the kind to be swept off her feet. Two things stood out like sore thumbs within the fog of his confusion—that he had certainly never been in love before and that he could not let things rest as they were.

What should he do? Write her a note? Dictate it? How would he begin? Dear—My dear—Dear Miss Mulholland? No—that was out; he was rotten at notes and knew it. Flowers? Hardly; once Abbott had sent one of his carloads, flowers became an anticlimax. The only thing left was to see her. After all, why hesitate? He had always despised the special brand of cowardice that commits an offense in person and then apologizes through the mails or by messenger. He would call, formally. No, that wouldn't do; it would make it seem as if he were trying to start something instead of frankly capping a bad beginning with a decent ending. Then send for her.

On his way to the office he subjected his motive to careful examination. Was he about to perpetrate a subterfuge merely to snatch a last glimpse of the promised land from which his own foolhardiness had definitely excluded him? He decided not; his intention was honest.

"Kit, can you get hold of Miss Mulholland? I want her to come around on a matter of business."

Kit flushed, apparently at a loss for a comprehensive answer. "You mean by telephone?" she temporized.

Raglan was quick to catch the implication behind her hesitation. "No, no; you'd better run out and find her. Get her here, Kit."

"It's her busy day," said Kit, troubled. "You won't keep her long?"

"Five minutes. I leave it to you, Kit."

HALF an hour later, seated at his desk, he became conscious that Regis was in the room. He had heard the door neither open nor close. He turned his head slowly and immediately it seemed that the presence before his eyes could have entered quite plausibly through the walls or the closed window. The Regis he beheld was an absence rather than a presence. Dressed in a smart kasha suit, long in the sleeves, high in the neck, she seemed divided not only from her past in that office but from everything south of Forty-second Street. She had returned to another world. Aloof, self-possessed, her gloved hands hanging easily before her, her spirit remained untroubled, secured by distance. He perceived her loveliness, more sharply defined than in any of her former manifestations, but it was the inaccessible beauty of a gleaming mountain peak wrapped in snow.

Kit rushed into Allerton's room, closed the door behind her and stood with her back against it, hands outspread. "Tony, I'm frightened."

"In daylight?" asked Mr. Allerton flippantly. "What of?"

"She's in there."

"Who?"

"Regis. Mr. Raglan sent me to get her."

Allerton frowned. "Have you found out what happened the other day?"

"No; but it must have been something pretty terrible. She's changed. She's a different girl. But she won't tell me a word."

"Larry was a fool to fire her."

"He didn't; I'm sure he didn't. She fired herself. She gave herself three minutes' notice and got out."

"That's good news," said Allerton.

"Why?"

"Because if he'd fired her it stands to reason the rest of us would have been on the skids."

"Oh!" said Kit. "I didn't think of that."

Allerton smiled, his attention off on a new tack. "Want me to tell you something, Kit?"

"Sure. What about?"

"You," said Tony. "All these months we've been voyaging on the endless sea of depression I've been watching you. You're a smile, my dear. I don't mean your face; I mean your whole body is a smile from the feet up. It flits around while others drown, and lightens up the leaden sky."

"You're goofy," declared Kit solemnly.

"In addition to which," proceeded Tony, "you have the cutest figure, the snappiest eyes, the sweetest mouth—"

Kit fled, her face one flood of color. She tiptoed past Raglan's door, bravely resisting a temptation to linger, to pause only long enough to catch the tone of the voices within. She saw Happy hurrying toward her and hastened to meet him.

"Say," he demanded belligerently, "what am I? The whole works? I'm going to tell the boss I'm not asking for a raise; all I want is the pay coming to me as telephone girl, office manager, top salesman and bouncer."

"You leave the boss alone," said Kit, leading him back by the ear.

RAGLAN had not been hurried in beginning his talk with Regis. He had a feeling that time was non-existent between them, that for once he could look at her indefinitely without embarrassment to either of them. A few days ago the opportunity would have seemed a privilege, but not now. Looking at her for hours would bring her no nearer nor was there a chance of its lifting him to the misty heights which had become her pedestal. No man was quicker at measuring a gap he could not leap, and immediately he turned practical.

"There are two things I had to see you about," he said. "One is the matter of

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"I advise you to wake up, Mr. Raglan," Regis said. "If we were friends there would be more sense in my lending you a thousand dollars"

an apology; I wished to apologize to you face to face. I do apologize, and that's that. The other is an item of compensation. In the hurry of your leaving I didn't have a chance to tell you how valuable your work has been or to hand you the bonus usual in such cases." He rose, picked up a slip of paper from the desk and passed it to her. "Here it is; I only wish it were more."

Regis looked down at the check and for an instant it seemed as if her cheeks were going to flush, but the color promptly receded. She remained calm, withdrawn, possessed of all her sense of proportion. She studied the figure deliberately. Then, as deliberately, she tore the check twice across.

"This isn't a gesture," she said quietly. "When I came in here I had meant not to speak—not to answer whatever you said. But, though your business is no longer my business, from the size of that check it appears it's no longer yours either. I advise you to wake up, Mr. Raglan. If we were friends there would be more sense in my lending you a thousand dollars than in your handing it to me. I don't thank you, because nothing's changed; the road we traveled together ended three days ago."

Standing in the middle of the floor, he was scarcely aware she had gone. She had not looked at him; during the few minutes the interview had lasted not once had their eyes met and held in that bond which gives life to the contact even of enemies. It was as though he had not seen her, as though she were more right than she knew in her assertion that his action in summoning her had not advanced by an inch the end of the closed road. Even the words she had spoken remained as impersonal as herself—all but a single phrase. To one phrase only could he ascribe a faint touch of interest in his affairs—"I advise you to wake up, Mr. Raglan."

DURING the empty days that followed that phrase became a clarion call. At first he clung to it only because of its association with Regis, but gradually it assumed meaning on its face value and acquired a simplified form. Changed to "Wake up, Larry," it assailed him in the middle of the night, startling him out of fitful sleep. He stared wide-eyed into the darkness and beheld a great light. Was it true he could no longer hand a faithful servant a reward of a thousand dollars? If that was correct it was high time he began using his head.

He sank back on the pillow, drifted into profound unconsciousness and woke to find a plan ready-made in his brain, complete in every detail. Let the world groan under its losses; as for his own, he was going to cut them back to the roots. A sense of alleviation surged through his being. Immediately he discovered he could once more take pleasure in small things like shaving himself to a glossy smoothness, picking out an immaculate shirt, knotting the smartest of his ties and stepping forth with his hat tipped at a rakish angle. Arrived at the office he asked Kit to connect him with the broker who handled his outside trading.

"Ted," he said presently, "according to my last summary I was liquid to the tune of about thirty thousand. That was as near as we could figure it, striking an average between the bid and asked."

"I haven't looked it up lately," said Mr. Theodore Bullen of B. F. Bullen & Company, "but that sounds about right."

"I don't believe you," said Raglan cheerfully. "I think your entire staff combs over every balance after the bell on each and every trading day. I'll bet you've got my sheet in front of you now."

"What's the idea?" asked Mr. Bullen nervously.

"Not what you think," replied Raglan. "I don't want to draw down any cash; I want to sell out."

"You mean you want to lighten your load?"

"Lighten nothing! I'm giving you forty-eight hours to get me out of the market, and when I say out I mean out."

"Larry, you're crazy!"

"I was crazy," corrected Raglan.

"You're crazy to get out at these prices. Lighten if you have to, but for heaven's sake hang on to every last thing you can to ride back on."

"Did you say that, Ted, or was it a parrot? Get me out and send me a check. It's an order, and if you won't take it over the phone, I'll send it in writing by hand and a copy by registered post."

HE HUNG up, turned to the office safe, unlocked it and extracted a package of securities which had sunk so low they had been thrown out as collateral on his loan. He sent for Allerton.

"Open your ears wide, Tony. Here's a bunch of dogs—all I've got. They're signed, ready for delivery, and I want you to sell them. Do any jockeying you like but don't waste too much time. Don't call me up about prices. You can wail over them if you like but do it in your own room or somewhere out of hearing. Here's the package and I want cash in exchange—nothing but cash."

"Is it as bad as that, Larry?" asked Allerton through drawn lips. "I—I wish I hadn't been such a fool on my own account. I could have—"

"Forget it!" said Raglan sharply; then his eyes smiled. "Don't get a wrong idea, Tony. Things were bad up to last night, but this morning they're a lot better. I'm getting out of the market, lock, stock and barrel."

"I don't get you," said Allerton frowning. "Lighten if you have to, but for heaven's sake hang on to every last thing you can to ride back on."

Raglan threw back his head and laughed explosively—the happiest laugh the office had heard in many a day. "That was funny," he stated, wiping his eyes.

"I don't see what was funny about it," said Allerton. "I think you're crazy."

"Don't!" begged Raglan. "My laughing muscles are strained already. Run along and tend to your job. I don't want to see you or hear from you until you come back with the plunder. Cash, mind you—nothing but cash."

FOUR days later he called a strange meeting in his private office. Answering the summons, Allerton, Kit and Happy stood just inside the door staring at him with the selfsame expression—an expression that seemed to doubt his senses as well as their own. With his lips quirking Raglan suggested they sit down. There was a pause. Finally Allerton moved quickly to the chair nearest Raglan's desk. Kit was next to sit down, but Happy continued in difficulty. He went to three chairs, one after another, but seemed to find something wrong with each. In the end he returned to the first of the three and perched gingerly on its outermost edge.

Raglan's smile became definite, almost a grin. "That's right, Happy; when you're in for a long talk make yourself thoroughly comfortable."

Happy's ears turned red. "Gee, Mr. Raglan!" he protested feebly.

"I'm going away," said Raglan, leaning back and swinging his feet to the center of his blotter.

"I thought that was it," murmured

(Continued on page 32)

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Thunder in the Dust

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

The Story Thus Far:

TOM CLOUD, owner of the Flying K ranch in Lower California, takes a partner—a swashbuckling braggart known as "El Fuerte." He knows nothing of the man, other than that he can rid the ranch of cattle thieves—which he promptly does; not, however, until he has killed the son of a wealthy neighbor: Solano, who never forgives an injury.

Startling episodes follow. Solano, unarmed, calls on Cloud, warns him to beware of El Fuerte. . . . Living near by are two Americans: John Boyce and his beautiful wife, Kathleen. Kathleen (knowing her husband for the brutal drunkard he is) is in love with Tom Cloud. And Cloud loves her. But, adoring her, trusting her completely, he is puzzled by her attitude toward his partner. She *says* she dislikes him; but, obviously, she is fascinated by him. . . .

John Boyce is murdered. A peon—who, according to the available evidence, is the murderer—is captured, killed. Shocked by the tragedy, suspecting that the peon was *not* the man wanted, Cloud goes to La Partida, a near-by town, with El Fuerte. A fiesta is on; crowds cheer Cloud's partner, give him a royal welcome. Then, in the *alcalde's* home, El Fuerte tells Cloud an amazing story—confesses that he, "a mighty leader of men," has organized a vast revolution. Will Cloud, or will he not, become an ally? Cloud, in a sinister predicament, promises to think the matter over. . . . That night, Kathleen Boyce hears a serenade beneath her window. She listens, trembling; for she knows who is singing. *El Fuerte!* She fears the Mexican, dislikes him. But—

As though in a trance, she arises, slips to the door of the hacienda, opens it. There, in the shadows, is—*Tom Cloud!* Her knees weaken; she falls. Cloud carries her to her room; then, returning, he faces El Fuerte. Heated words follow. And Cloud hears another confession—El Fuerte admits that it was he who killed John Boyce! Whereupon, Cloud draws his gun. . . . The following day, the American calls on Solano, tells the old man much of the story, amazes him by informing him that El Fuerte is his prisoner, not half a mile away. Then: "I'm going to ruin this revolution of his. But you must coöperate." The two men make their plans. After which, Cloud rides boldly into La Partida, and calls on the *alcalde*. "Clear the room," he orders. The *alcalde* obeys the order, shuts the door. Then, whirling on Cloud: "*Where*," he demands in a rasping whisper, "*is El Fuerte?*"

Conclusion

"WHERE is El Fuerte?" Cloud repeated aloud. "That's what I've come here to find out."

Panicky excitement made the little *alcalde's* draggled mustache twitch and curl away from his bad teeth. "You don't know where he is? You haven't seen him? He did not come to your rancho? He left no word? Ay! What is happening here?"

"When did you see El Fuerte last?" Cloud demanded. He appeared serious and angry.

"Not since last night! He is here, he is everywhere, in a white uniform on his great horse. Then he is no place. Then comes del Pino, and he is furious, he is hunting for El Fuerte, very worried and upset. Then del Pino disappears, too. Many ask for El Fuerte. I send them to Bravo. Bravo is of cold blood, he treats them with contempt—that keeps them happy. But now—ay, señor, I tell you—"

"Where's Bravo now?"

"No one can find him. He is gone. Gone also is El Fuerte's great palomino. Nobody knows—"

"You mean to tell me El Fuerte has run away?" Cloud almost shouted.

The little *alcalde's* panic broke in sputters. "Sh! *Cuidado!* Ah, be careful! They will all hear, and then— Ay, *Dios*, why should he run away? That's ridiculous!"

"Is it?" Cloud said darkly.

"What would he flee from?"

"You don't know?" Cloud said with pity.

"*Nombre de Maria*, what's happened?" the *alcalde* jittered.

There was great reason, Cloud thought, for this little man, long since disarmed against emergency by his sheltered officialship in this quiet village, to worry about being left with the sack. The house was fairly bristling with arms—as good as an arsenal, as Cloud already knew.

CLOUD shrugged, and gravely shook his head, his face very hard and sober. "Bring in that old man, the man with the serape that is like a *tarjeta*."

The *alcalde* unbarred the patio door, stemmed the press that almost fell into the room; and presently secured for Cloud an ancient man with the face of an Indian, tight-wrapped in a blanket of red and black. "Is this the man?"

"He'll do. *Jefe*," Cloud directed, "be seated"; and himself sat down. "You are called Teotac," Cloud went on, eying the old man steadily. "You are ranked as a chief of Yaqui scouts. You must have brought with you good men."

The face of the old man was blackened by perhaps more decades of sun than he himself could have named; it was as if his face was deep-carved out of fire-hardened wood. Out of this face peered little red-rimmed eyes, as evil as any Cloud had ever seen. But for all his age, his movements as he had walked in and taken a chair were as light and smooth as a coon cat's.

"Good men," the old man agreed.

"Such men as keep their eyes and ears open—know what happens in the night?"

"Maybe." His voice was dry and harsh; and he did not trust this gringo.

"Then tell me this." Cloud's gray eyes bored in hard, and his face was as grim as the rocky crags in the cold rain. "When last night did a rider come here on a spent horse, looking for El Fuerte?"

A hostile spark came into the old man's eyes, and though he had sat quietly before, he now turned as completely immobile as if he had ceased to breathe. He did not answer.

"SO," CLOUD said slowly, "you are hiding this thing from the rest of us."

"*Cuidado!*" the oldster snarled at him viciously. "Be careful how you speak! I hide nothing."

At this point the door to the street was tried, so that its oak bar boomed in its slot. Someone began pounding impatiently. A quick gleam of hope

(Continued on page 28)

"We come to evil days now," El Fuerte said. "Some make mistakes maybe they will some day regret. But I can only say this: Maybe some day I sing to you again. No?"

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Guidance

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Margaret Widdemer

THE blue limousine checked before the fashionable church on Park Avenue. There was another car, a gray one with a crest on its door, where the chauffeur would have liked to park the limousine.

"Can't you get it any nearer than that?" demanded Mrs. Meriden sharply up the speaking-tube. "Push the other car down."

"What's she doin' here?" murmured her footman to the chauffeur as he lifted a red ear from the hole.

"Askin' for guidance, no doubt," said the chauffeur, with a grin that pointed it out as a good joke.

"Is it guidance?" The handsome young Irish footman snorted softly. "If the young madam got to heaven itself, she'd be telling St. Peter how to handle his job before she'd her halo on straight!" He sprang to open the door, a deferential automaton.

Mrs. Meriden turned a hard, handsome young face to her husband.

"I have to inspect the church furnishing on behalf of the committee," she said. "Fifteen minutes should do it, Allan. We'll get to the Carletons' at exactly the right time."

His tired, gray eyes faced her brilliant black ones with a courteous denial.

"Sorry, Olive. I can just make my own appointment by taking a taxi from here."

"You can't," she said imperiously. "This reception's important."

He smiled a little. "*This is more important to me than the reception.*"

He stepped past her. She heard him speak to a cabby that his upraised cane had summoned.

"Plaza. Fifth Avenue entrance," he said.

SHE frowned, clicking up the dark aisle. She was too easy with Allan, that was the trouble. She'd have it out with him tonight; once and for all this time. When she had married him six years back he'd been so eager to please, to adjust, to make her happy! And now behaving like this, when everyone knew how much she had forwarded them socially—how good her judgment was.

Her annoyance sharpened to anger when, ending the inspection at her own pew, she found it occupied by a stranger. A slim little girl in a white-collared blue suit, her béreted yellow head bowed on the pew before her, her hands gripping it on either side like a child praying about Santa Claus. Olive touched her on the shoulder, speaking harshly. She had never approved of this high church idea, leaving churches open all day for prayers. It wasn't fair to pew-owners.

"This is my pew. I wish to inspect the cushions. May I ask you to move?"

THE girl lifted a soft, blue-eyed face still flushed and intent with prayer. She smiled like a friendly baby.

"Sorry—but—I had to come in and pray for guidance," she said.

"That's nonsense," Olive laid down the law. "What's your problem?" There was a gentleness about the girl that invited dictation. But she rose and moved into the aisle.

"I'd rather not tell you," she said. Then she turned back. "Yes, I will! Perhaps you were sent. It's a position I'm offered. An important one. I want it badly. But I have to decide whether it's fair to take it over another girl's head."

Just one of a hundred well-groomed little secretaries, then. Olive had nearly mistaken her for one of her own class. . . . She went on, nevertheless. She felt it was rather fine of her to take time to advise a girl like this.

"Is the other woman giving good service?"

"No. But she thinks so."

"She must be stupid. Are you competent?"

"Yes—oh, yes; I've practically been training for it always!"

"You are weakly sentimental to consider her, then," Olive said. "She'd be sent away anyway. The incompetent must go to the wall."

The girl was not paying attention. Olive felt a sharp contempt for her. . . . Competent! Not likely! She was staring with silly intensity at the pew she had left, at the inconspicuous nameplate.

"Are *you* Mrs. Meriden?" she asked softly.

Olive supposed it was awe in her voice. Perhaps she was trying to make a social contact on the strength of a passing benevolence. Olive called her to account. "Certainly. I told you this was my pew. You asked for advice, listen to it. There is no question of unfairness with incompetents. Take the position before it is given to someone else."

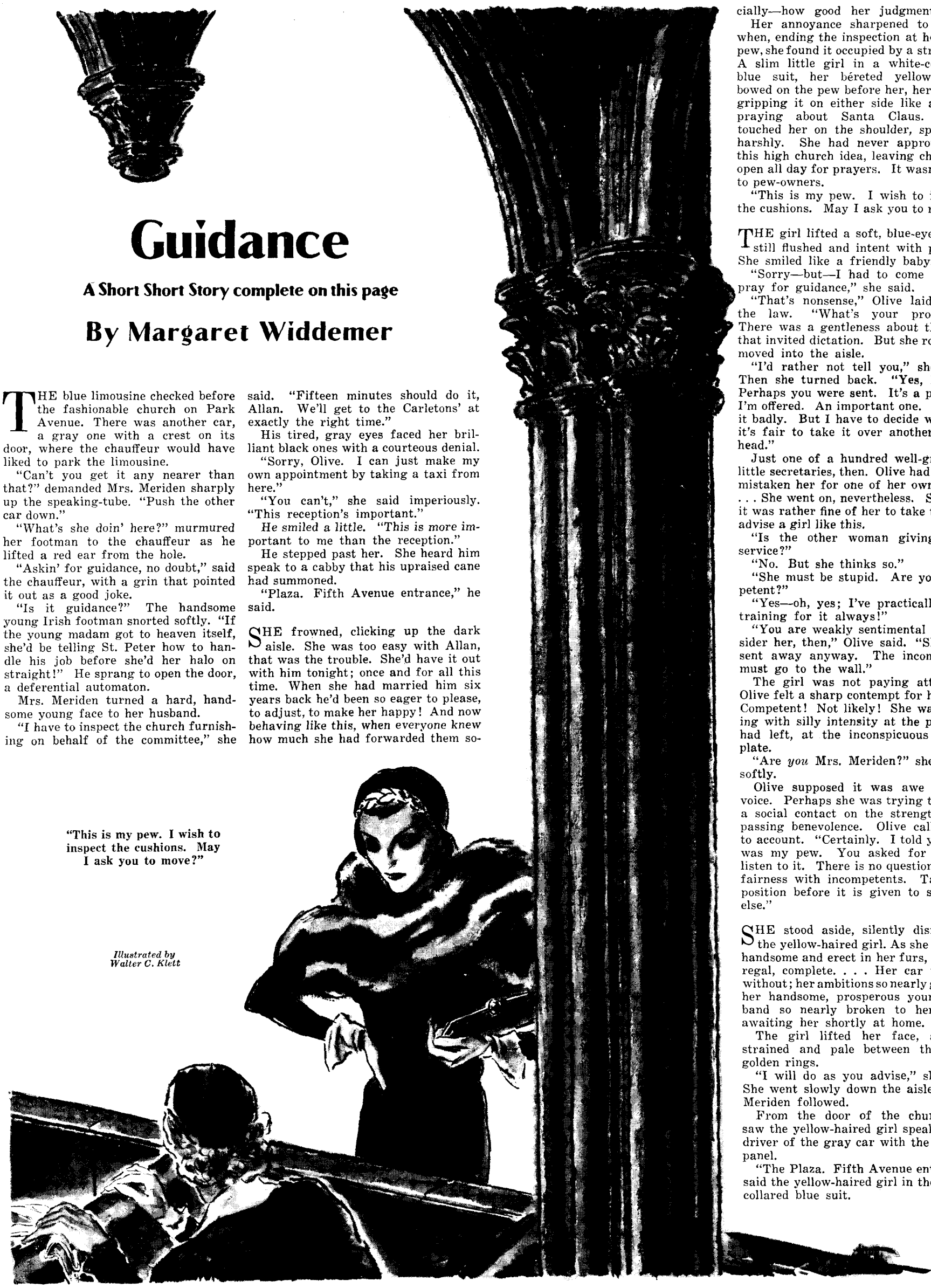
SHE stood aside, silently dismissing the yellow-haired girl. As she waited, handsome and erect in her furs, she felt regal, complete. . . . Her car waiting without; her ambitions so nearly gained; her handsome, prosperous young husband so nearly broken to her hand, awaiting her shortly at home. . . .

The girl lifted her face, a little strained and pale between the loose golden rings.

"I will do as you advise," she said. She went slowly down the aisle. Mrs. Meriden followed.

From the door of the church she saw the yellow-haired girl speak to the driver of the gray car with the crested panel.

"The Plaza. Fifth Avenue entrance," said the yellow-haired girl in the white-collared blue suit.



"This is my pew. I wish to inspect the cushions. May I ask you to move?"

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

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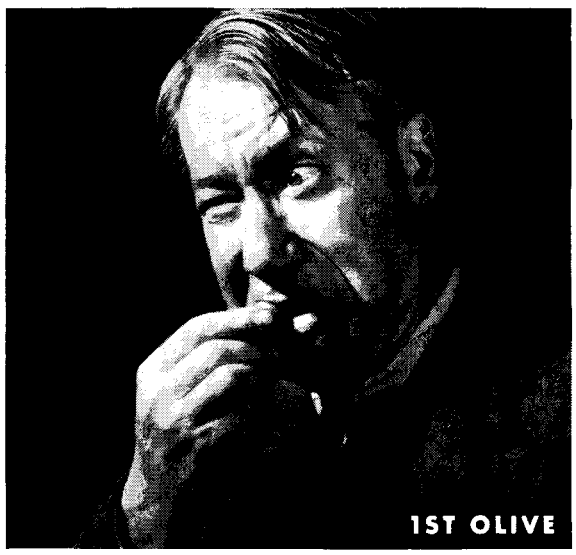
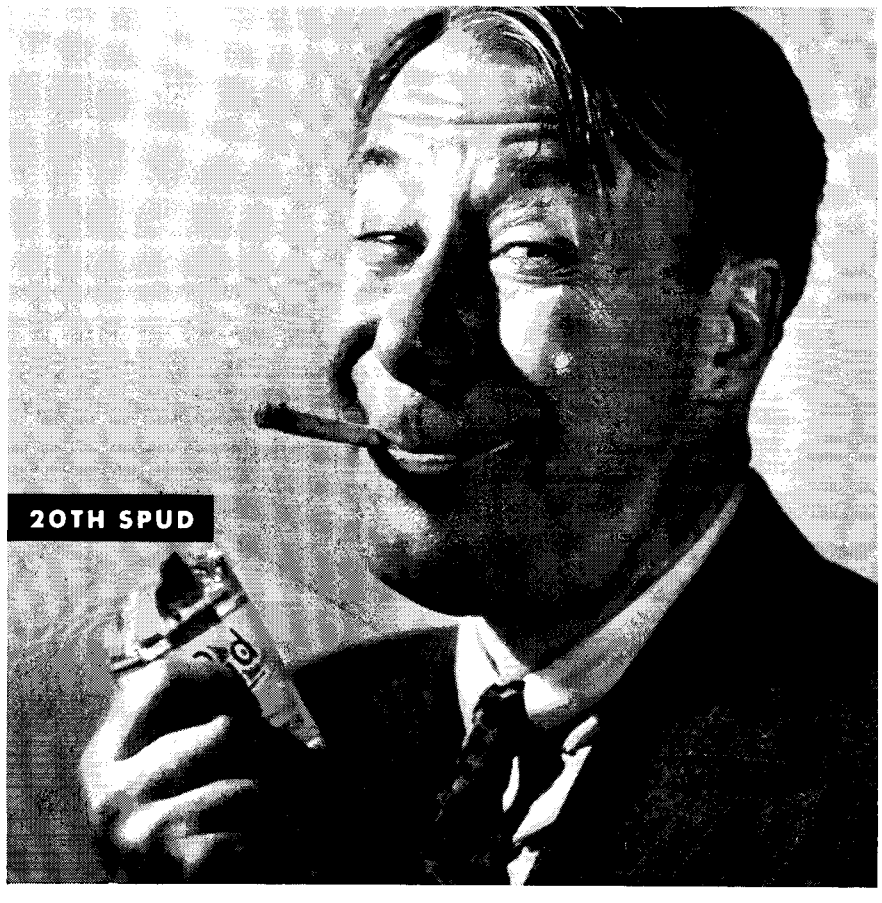
Like picking up a taste for OLIVES

SPUD
takes a little trying!





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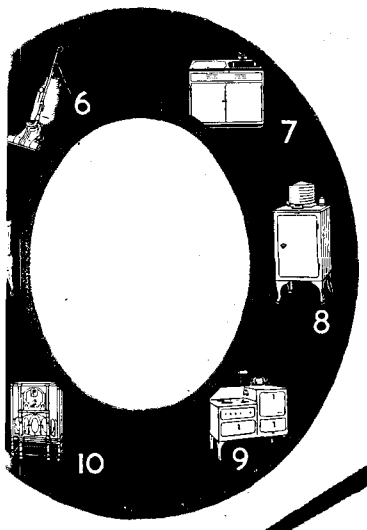

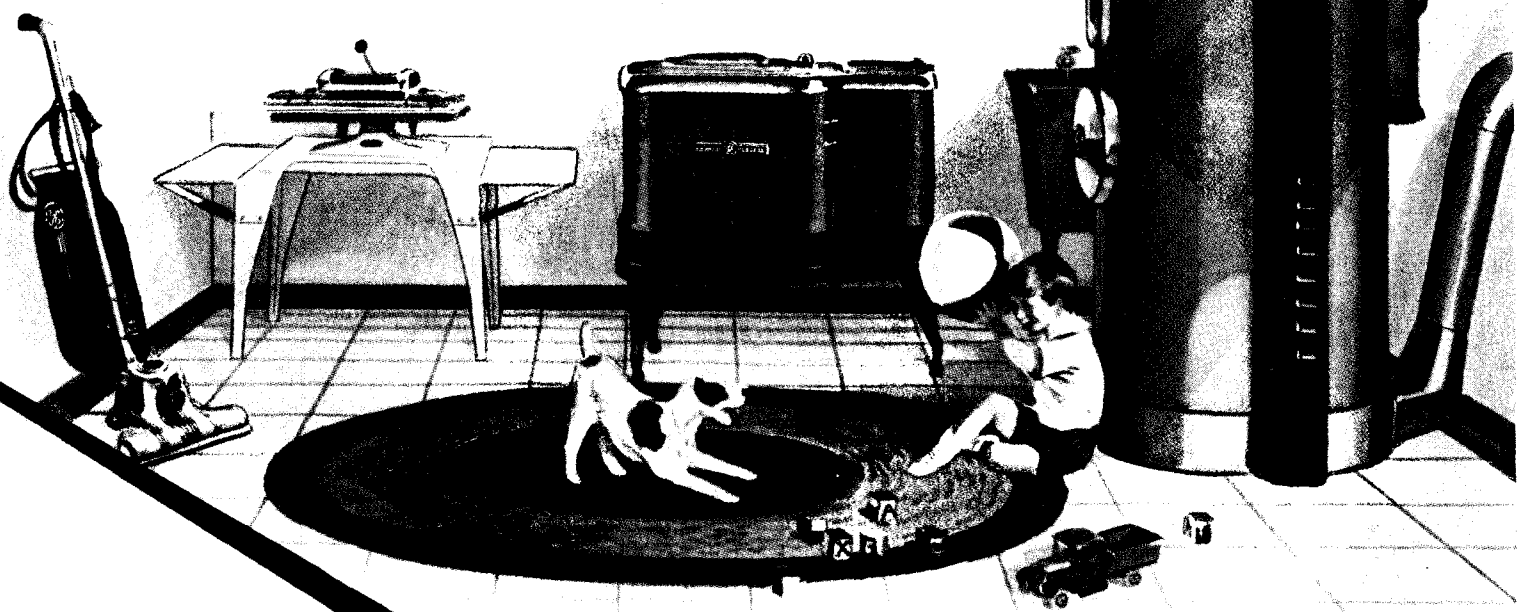

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Thunder in the Dust

Continued from page 22

appeared in the *alcalde's* face, and he sprang to unbar the door, but the gleam disappeared as the one-eyed man, who had accosted Cloud in the street, tried to force his way into the room.

"Stay out! You cannot come in here."

The one-eyed man cursed the *alcalde*, and the *alcalde* himself cursed in return; the voices rose in crescendo. Behind the intruder Cloud could see a dozen other poncho-tented figures in the rain.

"Let this one come in," Cloud ordered, "and no others."

The one-eyed man, admitted, leered insolently at the *alcalde*, and leaned against the bar, waiting. An angry rumble of voices from those who had been shut out subsided.

Cloud turned back to the ancient. As his eyes clashed against those of the old man he had the curious feeling that the other's eyes had not left his face for an instant during the interruption. "You know nothing," Cloud prompted sharply, "about a stranger on a worn-out Circle-Bar horse, seeking El Fuerte here after midnight?"

"Circle Bar? The Circle Bar is halfway between here and—" The *alcalde* checked himself and gulped, as if trying to swallow his words back. His face was congested, his eyes popping.

"Halfway between here and Ensenada," the old Indian finished for him, with a glance of venomous contempt. He spoke bad Spanish; Cloud had great difficulty in understanding him. "Yah! You think we're afraid of the Ensenada garrison? Let them bring us their guns. It'll save us the march!"

The lank yellow-faced man with the one eye put in two sentences in a low, flat voice that yet seemed to conceal a savage vehemence: "Ensenada is a port. How do we know how many troops are landing in Ensenada this morning?"

The old Indian snarled like an animal. "If troops land in Ensenada within the month it's because this country is full of spies, and other snakes," he lashed out at the one-eyed man. "There's only one way for snakes to be used!"

"What do you mean by that?" the one-eyed man blazed up.

The old Indian met the single-barreled glare with little eyes that had turned unspeakably vicious. "Not everyone that has come here is known to the old *compadres*," he said.

THE yellow-faced man impatiently turned away his single eye; it was like the turning away of an angry dog who has been outfaced.

The old *jefe* turned on Cloud.

"What's this coyote doing here?" he demanded.

"I've got questions for him too," Cloud said shortly. He turned to the one-eyed man. "You know the man called Carlos? I thought I saw you drinking with him yesterday."

The questioned man grunted.

"Where is Carlos now?" Cloud thundered at him.

"I haven't seen him since last night."

"What is this? What has happened to us?" the *alcalde* stammered. "A stranger—a messenger or a scout—rides hard from Ensenada. The general disappears, and his horse later, and Bravo and del Pino and Carlos—all those closest to El Fuerte! What—"

"Hold your tongue!" the old chief of scouts snarled. He leaned toward Cloud, his little ugly eyes like coals. "Gringo," he said in a grating voice, "I think you lie."

"Lie?" Cloud growled back. "How the hell can I have lied when I haven't told you anything? By God, I have a right to know where El Fuerte is! For all I know, La Partida may be empty of fighting men by nightfall; already it seems to be empty of captains. I can't take to the hills; I have my herds to look out for. And I cannot have lied, because I have told you nothing."

"I think," said the old man, "you had better tell us something now."

The menace in that was undisguised. There would be no question of escape if the old *jefe* sang out for his Yaqui scouts. No question either of there being any responsibility or mercy in any of these people if they once decided to wring from him the information he possessed. These were people who could turn savage as wolves.

"THEN I'll tell you this," Cloud answered harshly. "Last night while I was not at my camp, everything belonging to El Fuerte was moved from there. If you think you can learn anything more from me, try it! But it will get you nothing."

A silence came upon that airless room, and in the quiet they could hear the whip of the rain against the panes. The crowd in the street had increased in the last few moments to half a hundred. Already it must be all over the village that some unforeseen crisis was at hand; but there were no voices from the many packed outside.

The old chief of scouts stared at him piercingly while a man might count fifteen. Then, turning, he sprang to the patio door, flung it open, and shouted a jerky series of commands in his own unintelligible tongue. Instantly five slim young men with brown, smooth-skinned faces and obsidian eyes came shouldering through the outer crush and went half running through the room to the street door. They dove out into the downpour. After them the old chief of scouts went striding, his back suddenly as straight as a gun barrel.

The one-eyed man hesitated, moved uncertainly; then edged out, and went splashing and shoving through the crowd that had gathered in the street.

Against one wall a bench stood, and now Tom Cloud moved a table close to it by kicking its legs. "Give me something to eat—and drink," he ordered the *alcalde*.

He edged behind the table and sat down, weary with the strain of his night's work.

The little *alcalde* came scurrying distraughtly, bringing Cloud meat and *tortillas* and a tall bottle.

"Look," he begged Cloud, "look! If you know where El Fuerte is, if you know what has happened, in God's name tell me! I am a man of position here. In my time of life I cannot scatter myself into the hills, like those common men. If you know—"

"I have nothing to tell you," Cloud answered.

"I'll be left holding the bag," the *alcalde* whimpered. "If the Federals come and find this house full of guns, where am I? I'm ruined! Ruined!"

"Hello, Ma. Guess who got kicked out of school again!"

Louis Priscilla

"You'll be in front of a firing squad, most likely," Cloud suggested.

"Ay! I know that. What am I to do?"

"Get the guns moved some place else."

"Where? Who—"

"How should I know? You're in a tough spot, if you ask me."

The *alcalde* stood for a moment or two, pulling at his fingers and whimpering faintly. Suddenly he turned and ran out, hatless and unponchoed, into the rain and mud of the street. Through the water-blurred window Cloud could see him pushing and splashing through the crowd like a frightened animal.

The cowman turned his attention to his food.

AN HOUR passed; and a second hour. After a long time the *alcalde* came back, draggled and frightened. He rushed through the ell into the other part of the house, and Cloud heard him scrambling up the stairs.

Cloud waited and drank. He called for a deck of cards and laid out a game of solitaire; and the third hour passed.

Then at last a new stir came into all that soggy mob, and as if by general consent the whole straggling mass of them seemed to converge upon the door of the *alcalde's* house. Someone ran stumbling down the stairs in another part of the house, and the *alcalde* burst into the room, his face gray as the mists.

"What's the matter now?" Cloud asked.

"They're coming!" the little man stammered, half beside himself.

"Well—let 'em come. What you scared of?" Cloud played the trey of clubs, then laid down the deck to roll a cigarette.

Through the thickened crowd without, a little group of dark-faced men came shouldering their way roughly to the door. The door rattled against its bar, then vibrated to a savage pounding. "Open! Open up!" shouted several voices.

The *alcalde's* cheeks were shaking. "What—shall I do?"

"Open, you fool," Cloud ordered. Then he called out, "*Pasen, Ustedes!*" as the *alcalde* rattled back the bar.

Into the room burst four men—the four who had shouldered through the crowd; but entrance did not stop with these four. Behind them, crowding upon their heels into the room, surged an unchecked rabble. One of the four turned furiously. "Shut the door! I want no more—"

Those already within turned at the command, hastily forcing the door shut against the others before they should be evicted themselves.

CLOUD, finishing the rolling of his cigarette, surveyed the four who confronted him sardonically. He noticed how all the others stayed a little behind, as if they faced here something which might bite. "*Que pase, compadres?*" His voice was flat, dry, bitter—but unfearful.

Of these four he noticed first of all Teotac; the old chief of scouts stood a little to one side, as if here the other three took the lead. But Cloud knew the others, also; they were minor leaders, pointed out to him by El Fuerte himself—ragged men, unkempt and unprepossessing, but with the virtue of a certain leadership in their obscure villages, or in the clannish groups of their distant relations.

"What's all this?" one of the four demanded. This was the man known to Cloud as Moreño; his bland, coffee-colored face showed a greater infusion of Spanish blood than did the others. He had brought here thirty or more very indifferent men, but more than seventy head of ponies. His eyes were narrow, his voice soft, almost sleepy.

"What's all what?" Cloud asked, looking at him hard.

Moreño's eyes did not waver before Cloud's stare. "The town is full of rumors. They say that El Fuerte is missing."

"You know damned well that he's missing," said Cloud without conciliation.

"They say more than that. They say that he is hiding, that he has run away, that he is dead. They say that troops have landed in Ensenada, that they are on the march, that they will be here within twenty-four hours, within twelve, within six. They say a messenger from Ensenada came in last night on a ridden-out horse, bringing word of this to you and El Fuerte."

"No word was brought to me. The rumor, I know. But as to a messenger, or what goes on in Ensenada—I know nothing of that."

"Now," said Moreño, still speaking drowsily in his smoothly flowing Span-

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ish, "we want to know what you do know."

"I have nothing to add," Cloud told him shortly. "I've already told your chief of scouts that El Fuerte's stuff was moved away from my cow camp during the night. I was not there when this was done. Let your scouts go and see, if you doubt."

"We have been to see," old Teotac rasped. "Without this rain," he boasted, "we would soon have found out where he went!"

"Then you know as much as can be learned from me," said Cloud.

Torreon, the sandaled, almost negroid man who had brought more than forty from the maguey patches of his far rift in the hills, now broke in angrily. In contrast to his thick neck and massive shoulders he had a high, grating voice, strangely suggestive of the squeal of a boar.

"We will not waste time with you," he volleyed at Cloud. "This man Contreras was your partner. For him, you are responsible to us. Come out with it, now—where is this Fuerte?"

Cloud eyed him ironically, but he did not reply; and all the room waited.

"He is right," Moreño said, so softly that he was almost inaudible. "We will know the truth from you now."

"It's plain that El Fuerte is gone," Cloud said. "There's nothing that can be done about that now. Begin asking yourselves instead what you are going to do next. If I—"

Here the aged chief of scouts burst into a snarling flow of the language unknown to Cloud. All three of the others listened to him, and Torreon nodded.

"It seems," Moreño said, "you do not want to talk to us, señor. *Bueno!*" His voice suddenly sharpened and hardened, losing its soft inflections. "Very well! Perhaps neither have we anything to say to you. But neither are we to be altogether cheated, señor. Gringo, stand up! You are going with us!"

TOM CLOUD stuck the cigarette he had finished into the corner of his mouth, and struck a match. The flame did not tremble as he lighted the cigarette. Across it as he drew the first few, slow puffs he looked at the four, one after another, meeting the malevolence, the truculence of their eyes. Then slowly he got up.

To this moment he had known from the first that he must come; the moment when anger and disappointment and frustration, suspicion, hatred—all the strength of frustrated lust for battle and loot—should seek a scapegoat, and turn to him. No good to him now to point out that he was El Fuerte's friend—or that he was not. They knew El Fuerte had either met with violence or had run away. If the latter, then Cloud, as El Fuerte's partner, must face the blame; if the former, it must be to Cloud that suspicion turned.

He walked around the table, and half sat on its front edge. "*Compadres,*" he said gravely, facing these irresponsible ones from whom he had snatched their dream of glory, "we are heavy losers here. Whether something has happened to El Fuerte, or whether he has left for reasons of his own—that makes no difference here. The thing is that he's gone. If he had led this revolt—I was his partner. I would some day have been one of the greatest rancheros of all Mexico. That is gone. *Compadres,* you are brave men. With you El Fuerte would have taken Baja."

He raised his arms, and rested one hand on the shoulder of Torreon, the other on the shoulder of Alcazar, the hawk-faced man whose lean cheeks bore the blue, stippling scars of gunpowder. Astonished, they did not for the moment move.

"You are lucky that you have places to go to, other things to return to, at your homes. I cannot go; I must stand my ground. When you want me, you will find me here. This year, next year, the year after—when you want me you will find me in the Valley of the Witch. But this revolt is done."

Torreon jerked his shoulder clear with an oath like the explosive snarl of a tiger. "This revolt is only begun! I can take this army and throw it into the face of half the troops in Mexico, by God! And I will, if I need to. I'll drive them in front of me like rabbits. And you—as for you—*sangre!*" He whirled. "Here you—Felipe, Luis! Take out this man! 'Loupe. Call the rifles up!"

"WAIT," Cloud ordered. He knew that the last supreme moment of balance had come. In another minute he would know whether or not he would ever again see the sunlight come fresh and clean upon new grass. As Torreon whirled upon Cloud he found Cloud staring past him, beyond the crowd, beyond the window's streaming panes. His face was weary, and the stamp of utter finality was upon it now. He lifted his arm and pointed; and against his will Torreon's eyes followed the pointing hand.

"Grab hold of a rock or somethin'—so th' boat won't drift while Mamma reads" *Frank Owen*

Strangely, the mob outside had thinned; and now down the middle of the river of mud that had been La Partida Street moved a little procession of three burros, prodded along by an old woman and a stripling girl. Four men straggled behind at a little distance, heads bent low, trying to look inconspicuous; two of them had rifles slung on their backs.

"There goes your army!" Cloud said slowly. "By sundown you'll not have enough men left to guard a *frijole* kitchen. Not many will pass before your eyes in this street. But they're leaking out of the town by fifteen different ways—taking to the hills and the brush like quail!"

"You lie!" Torreon squealed.

"Ask the *alcalde,* then!"

"It's true! Ay, it's true," the little *alcalde* wailed. "I've been watching from above. Already the town is half empty! What will become of us? By tonight—"

Alcazar struck the *alcalde* savagely across the mouth, and he went staggering backward, instantly still.

"Done, finished, through," Cloud said. "Perhaps I'm the heaviest loser of all; but I alone stand my ground."

A moment of deep silence fell, while the four leaders stared out of the window like hypnotized men, and all those others behind them craned their necks for a look outside.

Suddenly Moreño said sharply: "Torreon, those are your riflemen! I told you those damned corn farmers couldn't—"

Torreon bawled a terrific oath as he saw that the accusation was true. He went storming through the throng to the door. Moreño followed behind in the path Torreon opened. "So you thought you'd take the regiment, yes? You and your deserting—"

"Look to your own!" Torreon snarled over his shoulder.

Moreño turned back to the others; the raw damp blew into the room as a dozen trooped out behind Torreon, keeping the door open. "By God," Moreño said, "if he thinks he's going to—"

Alcazar, who had stood motionless, snapped, "Fool!" and suddenly went out, half running. Moreño hesitated a moment more, then followed, with those who were left in the room trailing at his heels. Only Teotac remained, staring at Cloud with red, malevolent eyes.

"Take your horses and your Yaqui scouts and go," Cloud ordered him. "The first thing the Federals will do will be to cut off the few ways out of the peninsula. By God, you'll die without ever seeing your home hills again, you hear me? Whistle up your men and get gone!"

THE old Indian stared at Cloud a long time, so long that it seemed as if he had turned to an idol of smoke-blackened stone with garnet eyes. Then he drew a deep breath, wheeled and went, walking silently in his clumsy, broken shoes.

Cloud turned to the *alcalde* wearily; the little man was still nursing his bleeding lips. "Your leader is gone," he told the *alcalde* ironically, "but you've still got a man who gives orders—and I'm that man, by God! Tonight you pack the guns that are in this house, and you send them to me, by your own villagers. And if so much as one cartridge is missing, the dictator will know from me where it was last seen—you hear!"

"*Bueno! Bueno! Y mil gracias!* God knows I want no guns in this house. And you—*que hombre, señor!* Ay, *que hombre!* You are like one of our own Mexican people!"

Wearily Tom Cloud went out and stepped aboard his cold horse. Slowly, that anyone who wished to stop him might know of his going, Cloud rode down the street. Out beyond the houses he heard shouting, a brisk exchange of shots. People of this stamp fell over one another, once they took out for cover, and fought viciously among themselves. The street itself was empty now; it was the back ways, and the trails leading off over the hills that were dotted with packed burros and groups of head-down men, as far as the eye could see into the rain.

In all the long street only a single figure was to be seen—a limp form face down in the mud a hundred yards from the *alcalde's* house. One of the brawls that had come among these people, once fear was on them, had left its victim here.

Solemnly Cloud regarded the prone form as he passed. Then suddenly he reined up his horse. The face was turned to the side, and Cloud thought he recognized it now.

His memory flashed back to the night when El Fuerte had sung the Yaqui song of hunger, to the throb of illusory drumbeats coaxed from a guitar; and he heard again a far voice in the hills that took up the refrain, thin and quavering, answering like an echo. "When you sing to the heart of the hills, the heart of the hills answers!" By El Fuerte's own word, it was the voice of the Indian charcoal burner, answering his song from far off, that had put the war-heart in him in this new country, and made him believe he was great.

And now, sitting in the wet desolation of the place where El Fuerte's war sparks had flamed and died again, Cloud looked down at the dead face of an old Indian charcoal burner; and knew that the voice from the hills was still.

IT WAS by Cloud's intervention that El Fuerte was permitted to say goodby to Kathleen Boyce. Miguel Solano and Old Beard were not in favor of either this or any other courtesy to El Fuerte; but Cloud felt that some concessions were due a foeman who was unhorsed. Thus, at eleven o'clock in the morning, three days after Cloud had engineered the evacuation of La Partida, Miguel Solano and Tom Cloud rode to the Boyce hacienda, El Fuerte between them.

El Fuerte rode his dazzling palomino; the float of its silver mane shone like satiny metal in the clear sunlight that had followed seventy hours of rain. It set him up higher in the world than the others, and made homely plugs of Solano's lean black pony and Cloud's compact buckskin. Yet in some impalpable way the relationship of the three had changed. El Fuerte sat his horse with composure, his face expressionless, almost sleepy; but he no longer looked to be the master here. He seemed inert and lumpish in his saddle, so that it became apparent that he was a man on the threshold of middle age, becoming a little heavy in the jowls, a little thick about the waist.

Beside him the lean, lounging figure of Cloud in some way looked immeasurably the more competent. It was as if, now that the chanting and the drums were still, Cloud was the one who remained a relaxed but intensely living figure, while El Fuerte faded in the fresh sunlight, losing most of the great vibrance of color which had so nearly raised a people into war.

Kathleen came out to meet the three at the gate, but Solano declined her invitation to come in. Cloud stepped down and loosened the cinch of his

(Continued on page 30)

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(Continued from page 29)

pony; it was not necessary for him to ride back to Solano's hacienda, where the vaqueros of Beard and Solano waited to escort El Fuerte and his three adherents, Bravo, Carlos and del Pino, out of Baja. The plan was to put the four aboard a lugger at Bahia Coyote, and El Fuerte had given his word that they would not come back. Cloud suspected Solano of an urgent hope that El Fuerte would break his word. The old ranchero did not conceal that only his own pledge to Cloud persuaded him to free El Fuerte on any conditions whatever. If El Fuerte fell into Solano's hands again, he could expect no such a break; and Solano most vehemently prayed for the day.

Now Solano sat waiting with disapproval for El Fuerte to take his leave of Kathleen, so that they could be gone.

"I will speak to the señora alone," El Fuerte said coolly, dismounting.

Solano almost smiled. "Ridiculous."

El Fuerte accepted the veto with a shrug. He took off his big hat and stood looking at Kathleen with composure. "It has been a great pleasure to know you, señora," he said slowly, after a moment. "You have been a great inspiration in all things. It has been my single hope that we should know each other better."

AT THIS presumption an angry flush appeared across Solano's cheek bones, and his long fingers twitched in the butt-loop of his quirt; but Cloud lounged poker-faced against the wall, rolling a cigarette, and Solano withheld.

"We come to evil days now," El Fuerte said. "Some make great mistakes; mistakes maybe they will some day regret. But there is no help for that now. If we are alone, maybe I say other things. But I can only say this: maybe some day I sing to you again. No?"

Kathleen hesitated, and her eyes drifted down the valley; but she remained perfectly collected. It was an awkward moment for them all, and Cloud was beginning to blame himself for allowing El Fuerte this farewell. What he had not seen until this moment was the unfairness to Kathleen in a situation in which the killer of John Boyce was permitted to address her, while she remained unaware.

"I always liked your songs," Kathleen said. Her tone was easy, conversational. "I liked your fiesta, too, and your drums."

El Fuerte's voice was deep and vibrant. "Some day, perhaps, again—"

"But all this parading is for children, Señor Contreras," Kathleen said astonishingly, meeting El Fuerte's eyes. "It's a bad thing among an excitable people like yours, and a bad thing for you. Why don't you settle down and get a job some place?"

The man who had averred that he was a thousand years old when Cloud was born now started as if he had been struck. His face turned gray-green, and his mouth fell open, and eyes bulged with a scandalized disbelief.

"Get a—what?" he shouted.

Suddenly Cloud began to laugh, deep inside of himself, so that although his face hardly changed he struggled with inner convulsions. He managed to get out, "Better take him away, Miguel"; then he turned and walked a little way off along the wall, to hide his discomposure. He was no longer sorry that he had let El Fuerte come.

Solano pushed his horse between the Mexican and the gate. "This is enough foolishness," he said gruffly to El Fuerte. "I am tired." He bent deferentially to Kathleen. "You will excuse me if I remove him now. My vaqueros will have a long ride."

"Surely," Kathleen smiled at him.

An answering twinkle appeared in the old ranchero's stern eyes. It disappeared as he leaned down, as if on an impulse, to speak to her in low tones, gravely.

"This is a good man," Solano told Kathleen, flicking an eyebrow in Cloud's direction. "This is the kind of man we need in Mexico. Mexico—the future of Mexico—has rich rewards in store for such men, who come to build, and not to loot. You will do a great injustice to him, and to us all, if you take him away from here now."

"I?" said Kathleen wonderingly. "I take him away?"

"It is for you to make him see sense," Solano told her. "After all, life here for you would not be so bad. Now that the three of us—Beard, Cloud and myself—now that we understand one another, things will be different here. I will get new, fine vaqueros for the Flying K. With Beard and me to watch a little, it will be easy for the Flying K owners to spend the quiet months of the year in San Francisco, or where they like."

"When do they start jumping about, shouting hallelujah?"

Laurence Reynolds

Cloud came toward them again, uneasily. He had caught some of Solano's low words.

Solano smiled faintly. "Such things are much in the hands of women," he said to Kathleen. "Remember what I have said, señora." He shook hands with Cloud. "It is time for us to go; my vaqueros are anxious to be on the Bahia Coyote trail with their little—ah—procession. And now—" he tossed an unpleasant glance at El Fuerte—"if the lord of all creation can bring himself to mount and ride with me—"

CLOUD walked to El Fuerte's stirrup. "So long, partner. I'm sorry it had to work out this way." He extended his hand.

El Fuerte looked at him for a very long moment, while he appeared not to see Cloud's hand; and it would have been impossible to name the meaning of the gleam under his heavy lids. But at last a slow grin spread itself over his face, a rueful grin, far from effortless, but game and defiant, with a touch of braggadocio still. He shook Cloud's hand. "*Adios, compadre.* Me—I am sorry too!"

He saluted Kathleen with a flourish of his romal, and wheeled his palomino; and though he seemed somehow heavy in the saddle now, his shoulders were square, and he made the palomino prance as it turned.

"Ride a little to the front," Solano ordered curtly. "*Adios, amigos!* I will see you soon."

SOLANO and El Fuerte took the trail, El Fuerte riding in advance, and not too fast, as Solano had commanded. Neither the captive nor his guard looked back at the hacienda again.

Thus rode out of the Valley of the Witch El Fuerte, *jefe de insurrectos, capitan de rebeldes,* and free ranchero—the man who was like a marching storm, the man for whom whole *distritos* rose at a word; yet who had collapsed to human size very promptly before the harsh reality of one American cowman and a good rain.

When Solano and El Fuerte were gone, Tom and Kathleen still stood leaning on the wall, looking at the long valley. A cast of fresh, pale green already showed all over the broad graze of the valley floor, the green of tender new grass instantly answering the gift of rain. The clean-washed air had some of the cool tang of a northern October; but it carried also the lush, sweet-growing odors of spring, for in Baja life is continuous—sometimes latent in the dry heat, but never winter-locked under earth turned to iron by the cold.

The valley and the hills looked fresh and new, and somehow Kathleen looked fresh and new too, as if the clean rain had washed away all the ugly, hated things that had shadowed her life; and she now found herself gently eager, and a little tremulous, in the sunshine of a new spring.

Tom Cloud, though, looked tired; there had been a lot of riding to do, a lot of arrangements to make, even after the back of the revolt was broken, before they had been sure that peace was secure once more.

"I've fixed everything," he told her now.

"Isn't that nice!" Kathleen said. There was an intimate mocking in her voice.

"I mean—I can take these Cayuga mineral lands off your hands, if you want."

"You have a buyer?"

"I'm the buyer."

"You've certainly been fooling me. I thought you were broke."

"I was; but I've worked a proposition out of Old Beard and Solano together, to take the Flying K. There won't be any loss, to amount to anything. So now I'm going to buy your Cayugas."

"Who said you are?"

"This'll work out the best for us both. I'll be able to turn the Cayuga mineral lands very nicely, by taking a little time. I'll be able to start a new layout pretty soon, some place. And this way you'll be set free, don't you see? I'm glad I bought in down here; if I hadn't, perhaps I'd never have known you at all. But except for that, I see now that I never should have come down into Baja."

"You mean the rustling? But I thought that now that you're hand-in-glove with Solano and Beard—"

"Oh, that part's licked, all right."

"Then what in the world has got into you? Don't you believe in Baja any more?"

"There's a greater opportunity here," he admitted honestly, "than any I've ever known."

"Then—?"

"I'll tell you the truth," he said slowly, without looking at her. "It's got so that nothing means anything to me any more but you, Kathleen. Ten million beeves would be useless to me if you weren't there. And you see—it's just come to me that this is a hell of a dump to strand a woman in. I can't ask you to stay here—and I couldn't go it with you gone. Only chance for me is to make a new stake, some better, different place—"

He heard her breath catch in her throat; and turned quickly to find her trying to repress a spontaneous upwelling of laughter.

"LET me see if I have this straight," she said unevenly. "You don't think you ought to marry me until we can move into an apartment hotel—is that it? Well, all I can suggest is, you go down and move your stuff out of that cow shed you inhabit, and come live up here; and we'll just worry along here as best we can until you feel equal to—"

"Kathleen, Kathleen—"

"Pull yourself together and try to make sense," she recommended. "You can't fool me. You love me pretty nearly as much as I love you, and you know it. And what we're going to do is to stick right around here and build this country into something pretty impressive! Sometimes when we get tired of that we'll have a honeymoon in the States for a while, and I'll show you a lot of things you never saw before. Or don't you believe in honeymoons until after people are married?"

Cloud tried to say something, but because he had never seen anyone with such a clear, bright face, such mistily dancing eyes, he couldn't find his words. "Here—wait a minute—"

"Well, you said—"

He stooped to sweep an arm under her knees, and picked her up as if she were as light as the air; and there were tears in the eyes of them both. He said shakily, "Sure seems like it's coming on spring."

"Great stuff for the caows," she mocked him; and stopped the quivering of her lips against his throat.

THE END

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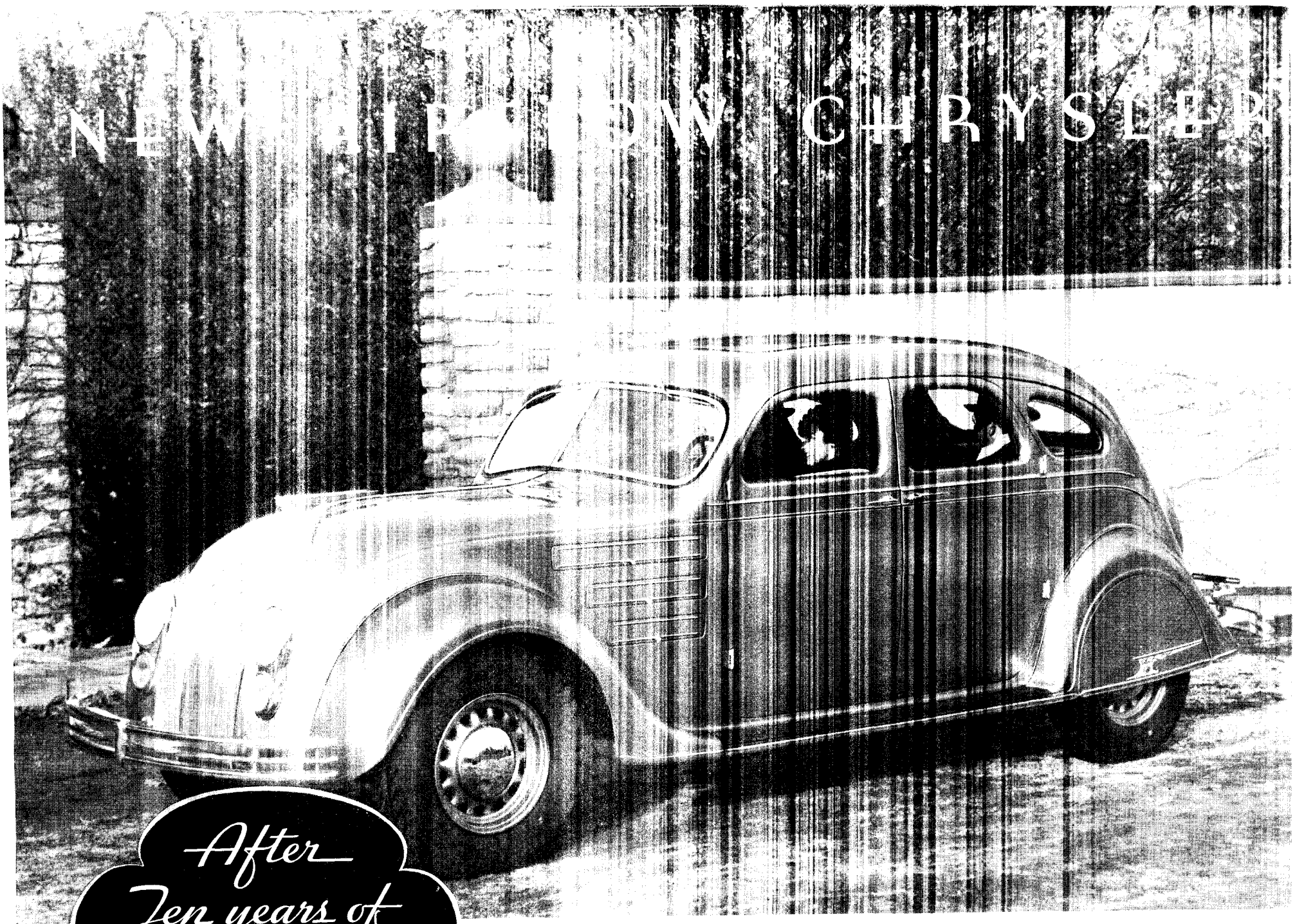

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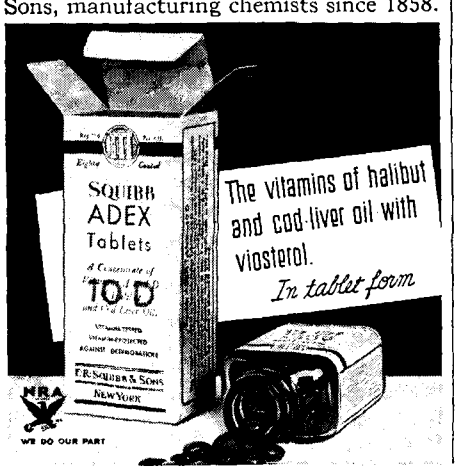

Marriage for Revenue

Continued from page 21

Kit, her eyes passing from Happy's unhappy face to Tony's and back again. "We're fired."

Raglan looked her up and down out of slanted eyes. "I'm surprised at you, Kit; it's the first time you've talked too much in all the years I've known you. As it happens, none of you is fired; only me. I'm firing myself." He picked up a folded document, tapped his knee with it as if to fix their attention and held it up. "Get an eyeful of this—the articles of incorporation of Anthony Allerton & Company. I'm selling out."

"To me?" gasped Tony.

"Yes; to you along with Kit and Happy. Happy gets twenty shares, Kit four hundred and eighty and you the balance. There are three thousand in all."

"At what price?" asked Allerton mockingly.

"A hundred thousand flat."

"Excuse me while I run and get it!" jeered Tony.

"To be paid out of profits," continued Raglan, unperturbed.

"Out—out of profits!" stammered Allerton weakly. He scowled, puzzled. Was Larry making a fool of him or was Tony Allerton on the way to making a fool of himself?

Kit, as usual, was the first to recover part of her wits. "What are we going to live on in the meantime?" she asked.

"I'm going to pay you each a year's salary in advance," said Raglan, "hand it over as if it were already earned. You can bank the money where you think it's safest. That's how I trust the three of you. That's why you're all here so I can put you on your honor not to draw out or spend more than your pay week by week."

Allerton leaned forward. "I'm sober now, Larry; really I am. You can talk and I'll get it. What's up? What do you want us to do?"

"Hold the fort until I need it again," said Raglan. "This place and the Stuyvesant Square house as well, because you'll find it's listed in your assets. In addition to your respective pay envelopes I'm leaving enough cash to meet rent, telephone, water and light. As for me, I'm going away."

"Where to?" asked Tony.

"I can't answer that," said Raglan, "because I don't know. But I do know I'm going. Hasn't it ever occurred to you that going away is the simplest thing in the world? All you have to do is to put one foot in front of the other, and keep on doing it."

"I SEE," said Allerton slowly. "All this bunk about the new corporation is your way of pensioning us off because, hard up as you are, you haven't the heart to throw us out cold. Personally I won't take it. I can worry along somehow without charity."

"Me too," murmured Kit, while Happy, otherwise inarticulate, settled back on his shoulders and kicked a tattoo with his heels on the rungs of his chair.

"Something's happened to this outfit," said Raglan patiently. "You've all gone soggy at the top, but I guess it's been my fault. I guess perhaps you caught it from me. If your brains were normal you'd realize that while I don't know where I'm going I'm going somewhere. If you want to walk out on me, go ahead. All I ask is a week's notice so I can hire somebody else in your place. What about you, Happy? Want to quit?"

Happy sat erect, shook his head violently from side to side and managed to emit an almost inaudible "No."

"You needn't ask me, Mr. Raglan," said Kit quickly.

"Nor me," said Allerton, frowning because he was still puzzled.

"Then that's settled," said Raglan. "Happy, you can beat it. As for you, Tony, I wish you'd take this agreement into your own room and go over it with a fine-toothed comb. Read it through three times; then read it some more till you begin to see a great light. As for details, if there's anything you don't understand, we can go over them tomorrow."

Happy had gone, Allerton went and Kit rose as if to follow, but Raglan stopped her. "One minute, Kit. There's nothing you have to do in a rush, is there?"

"No, sir," said Kit, settling back in her chair. "I've forgotten what a rush looks like."

"Don't let that worry you," said Raglan, "you're young. There's a thing or two I want to ask you. In this new line-up Tony is going to be at the top. Are you willing to take him on for a boss, or aren't you?"

"Sure," said Kit. "I don't mind." Then she flushed in spite of herself. "We—we'll get along all right."

"Great! That's great." He paused, frowning. "There's one other thing I wanted to ask; it's about Miss Mulholland."

"Yes, sir," said Kit, catching her breath.

"Do you know how she's fixed—what she has to live on?"

"Not exactly, because I can't say how much she's saved. Outside of that she gets seventy-five a month her brother left her."

"Oh," said Raglan vaguely and then came to the one question that mattered: "Do you know where she is?"

"Yes, sir; I do in a way. I know where she's gone."

"Gone?" said Raglan quickly. "Have you got her address?"

Kit regarded him steadily. "I have and I haven't."

"You mean you won't tell me?"

"I mean I can't, Mr. Raglan, not even—not even—"

"Oh, well, don't cry about it," said Raglan brusquely. "You can tell me where, can't you? North, east, south or west?"

"To Paris."

"Paris!" he gasped, then threw back his head and for the second time that day laughed as he had not laughed in months. Kit rose and stood staring at him in genuine alarm. He waved her away. "Get out," he managed to say weakly. "I know why I'm laughing."

AFTER all, why shouldn't Regis have gone to Paris? What more sensible thing could she have done? She showed her brains by not looking for a job when there were no jobs; she had had sense enough to go where she could lie low for the longest time at the least expense while waiting for the world to right itself. The wheels of his mind came to a smooth stop, reversed and started turning the other way with himself as their central pivot. The operation seemed to have been caused by an unspoken question: Since he was in the same fix as she, why shouldn't he borrow from her wisdom and take the same road?

The mere thought gave him a third laugh, promptly stifled. No; he wouldn't do that—he wouldn't crawl into the nest with all the other cuckoos. Then where would he go since he had to go somewhere—somewhere outside the state of New York? Anywhere. It didn't matter. The thing that mattered was to put one foot in front of the other and keep on doing it.

Allerton came to him early on the following day. "I've got it," he said soberly. "You want to keep free of the Empire State."

"That's it," said Raglan with a nod,

(Continued on page 35*)*

"They're lookin' for the hydrant—don' tell—it's under that snowman!"

Aldo Marcucci

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They ALL *found what they wanted* IN THE NEW LEONARD

ALMOST any six women, setting out to look at electric refrigerators, will start in six different directions. Each will have in mind some single feature or quality she wants above all others, and is determined to have.

Isn't it interesting that so many such shoppers—each with a different idea of what a *good* refrigerator really is—find "exactly what they want" in the Leonard Electric? The reason is that the new Leonard is the *complete* refrigerator. No woman need sacrifice any desirable feature to get others she values more.

See the new Leonard before you decide on any electric refrigerator. There are 11 beautiful models (5 all-porcelain)—product of 53 years' experience in building household refrigeration to suit all tastes, all needs and all incomes. LEONARD REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, *14297 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan.*

Consult classified section of your telephone directory under "Refrigeration—Electric," for the nearest Leonard "Selected" Dealer

ONE WANTED *lots of food storage space.* She was amazed at the roominess of Leonard's planned food compartment. Wide, sturdy, bar-type shelves. Sliding dairy basket, safe and convenient for eggs, butter, cheese. Vegetable crisper. Folding shelves—room for tall bottles.

ONE WANTED *convenience, above everything.* A score of Leonard features appealed to her. The new serving tray to set dishes on while rearranging shelves. Ice tray lifter (no sticking trays). Sliding shelf, to save reaching. Automatic electric light (no dark corners). And many others.

ONE WANTED *unusual ice capacity.* She liked Leonard's 12 freezing speeds and finger tip control. Extra fast freezing for emergencies. Refrigerated shelf, and cold chest for storage. Steady Kold Defroster (refrigerates while it defrosts). "Vacation temperature" that cuts operating cost when you're away.

ONE WANTED *to save steps.* The LEN-A-DOR solved her problem. Approach the Leonard with both hands full of dishes—touch a toe to a convenient pedal, and the door swings gently open. Saves 24 miles of walking every year in the average kitchen.

ONE WANTED *a beautiful cabinet* for the kitchen of which she was so proud. She was delighted with the charming, modern lines of the Leonard. Snowy white, non-fading finishes. Flat table top. The beauty of chrome and black hardware, and every detail of equipment.

ONE WANTED *"the best there is"*—regardless of price. She found quality *all through* the new Leonard. In superfine porcelain and lacquer finishes over rust proof steel. In one-piece porcelain interior and all-porcelain cooling unit. In strong construction, superior insulation. In the quiet refrigerating mechanism—product of 20 years' experience.

LEONARD *The Complete* REFRIGERATOR

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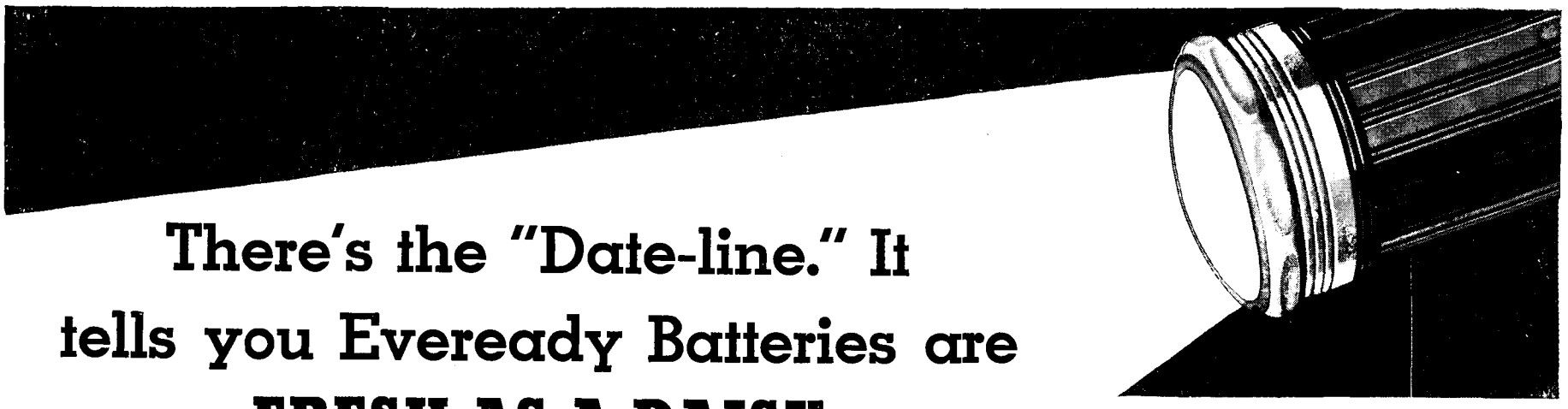

There's the "Date-line." It tells you Eveready Batteries are FRESH AS A DAISY

YOUR flashlight battery is really "packaged electricity" . . . electricity produced from six powerful chemicals of the type that Science knows as *active*. Naturally, battery service is best . . . when these chemical elements are FRESH. For then they have more pep and punch.

Fresh batteries, that's the kind you want . . . and can always get in Evereadys . . . because these batteries sell so fast your dealer always has FRESH Evereadys . . . with a date line on each battery to prove it.

Not only are Evereadys *fresh as a daisy* when you buy them. They're superior . . . in everything that counts. In Evereadys, you buy, for a dime, what forty years of working have taught the world's largest makers of batteries . . . All-armored construction . . . a "power-stabilizer" that keeps the balanced mix of six active light-making elements in hair-trigger alignment . . . and a strong metal top that prevents power from leaking away when the battery isn't in use.

A lot for your money? You're right! And you get that same satisfaction whether you buy Eveready Batteries to use in a flashlight, in a radio . . . or to power the ignition in a motor boat. National Carbon Company, Inc. General Offices, 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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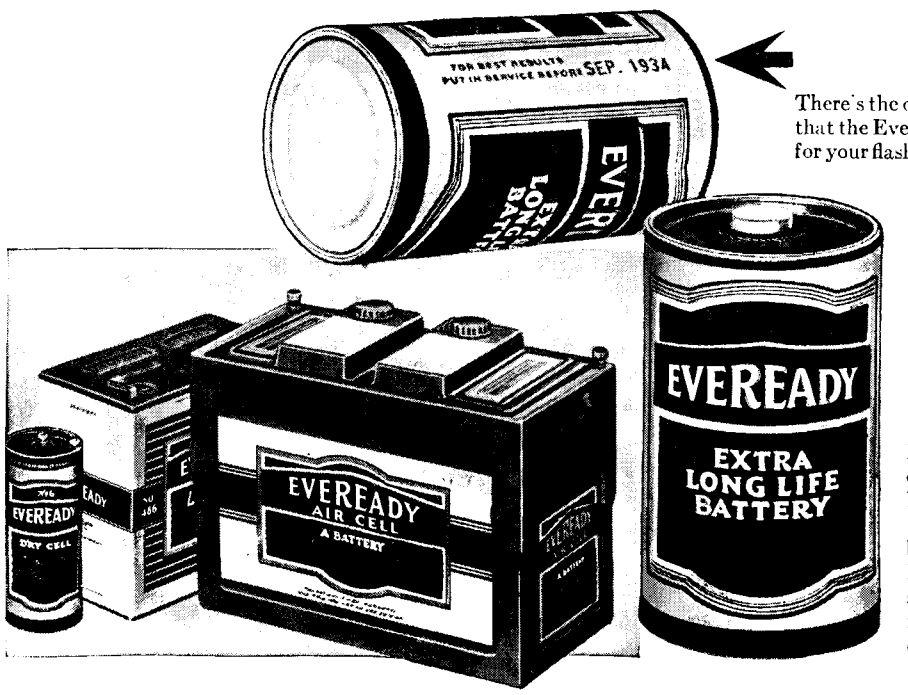

There's the date-line! It guarantees that the Eveready Battery you buy for your flashlight is *fresh as a daisy.*

Millions of unwired radios are powered by Eveready Air Cell "A" Batteries and Layerbilt "B" Batteries. Eveready Dry Cells serve hundreds of users in the home and industry.

THEIR FLASHLIGHT EVEN WORKS UNDER WATER—Of course it seemed impossible that a light *could* be lit under water, said Mabel Holt*, but there it was, our long range focusing flashlight . . . Charley* dived, got the flashlight, and climbing on the bottom of the upturned boat, flashed the light until help came.

8 DAYS ADRIFT! THEN FLASHLIGHT BRINGS HELP—George T. Barnes* (right) showing Captain Henry* of the rescue ship, the flashlight which saved his life on the eighth day of helpless drifting. "Three times I sighted ships in daylight but they couldn't see me," said Barnes . . . "but at night, my flashlight saved me."

SHE—Why Tom Martin! I believe you're afraid of the dark in the attic.
HE—Afraid nothing! I'm playing safe against a twisted ankle on these loose flooring boards up here.

*Not their real names, of course, although these were given in the coast-to-coast newspaper report.

EVEREADY BATTERIES *packaged electricity at its best*

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Marriage for Revenue

Continued from page 32

"and incidentally free of jail. Sit down, Tony; I've never been much at mixing private affairs with business, but we've got to talk this out. I don't mind so much about Eleanor; she lived with me for a long time and if I had the money she would be more than welcome to her thousand a month. But the other one—" His face flushed red with sudden anger. "Well, she got me. I'm hooked, not because I couldn't have squirmed out of it, but because I had so much cash it looked *cheap to get rid of her at five hundred* a month. That's where I stand—fifteen hundred unearned increment to hand over every thirty days."

"That's a lot," murmured Tony, "a lot more than it used to be."

RAGLAN continued as though he had not spoken. "I could quit cold the minute I leave, but I won't. I'm leaving half a dozen certified checks, three for Eleanor and three for Dora, but they're for only half the amount due. What I'm doing is to hand them a sort of warning—give each a chance to catch her breath after they realize where they'll be if I make up my mind to live outside the state."

"You could never do that," said Allerton promptly. "You may not realize it, Larry, but you and New York City are two halves of a Siamese twin."

"Perhaps," said Raglan slowly, his eyes vague. "But a man has to try; he has to play the cards he holds."

He rose and stood staring about with an odd expression, startled by the realization that the moment of parting from this familiar scene was actually upon him—it was here, now! He had already said farewell to the old house off Stuyvesant Square when he had signed it over to Anthony Allerton & Company, but this was different. The old house was twined into his being; it had escaped before, it could easily return again.

Tony broke into his reverie. "Did you mean it when you said you don't know where I can reach you? I'm going to do my best, but what if the minute comes when I have to get in touch with you?"

"That's what I'm going away from. I don't want to hear anything from anybody until I get good and ready."

"You're taking it for granted it would have to be bad news," reasoned Allerton. "It might be just the opposite."

Raglan laughed shortly. "Not much chance of that! Honest, Tony, I really don't know which way I'm headed, but when I come to a stop you'll hear about it all right. You'll hear about it because I'm not going to stop until I run into a good reason."

"Well, don't go away with the idea I'm still soft at the top," said Tony coolly. "I wasn't planning to send you a rosy wreath or an S O S; I was simply trying to look ahead."

Raglan faced him abruptly. "You're right, and I'm wrong; when a man stops looking ahead it's time to send for the hearse. You've done me a favor, Tony; you've actually started my brain to clicking, reminding it of one last thing of importance; well, I mean it might turn out important." He turned to the safe and after a moment opened it, unlocked his private drawer and took out a handwritten tabulation in duplicate. He slipped one copy into his own pocket and handed the other to Allerton. "Study this and put it back; never carry it around with you. It's my private tabulation of seven variations on the standard office code. You notice I've changed the order; that's because Adsit Abbott had a copy of the original. If I ever wire or cable you, the first number in the message will be the number of the variation I've used. That's all."

He picked up his heavy overcoat, left the office as casually as if he were merely stepping out for lunch, descended and crossed the street to his parked car. He stood beside it for a long time, head down, apparently oblivious to the sharp March wind. That last passage of words with Tony had given him a jolt. If he ever expected to come to life again, how could he have forgotten the *matter of the code*? *Now he was checking* over other items: the passport in his pocket, endorsed for traveling abroad and visaed for three countries; the letter of credit for twenty-three thousand dollars issued through a Philadelphia bank and good in any sizable city on earth; three hundred odd dollars in cash; his bags, containing a wardrobe adapted to any clime. Well, that covered everything, didn't it? Everything but the future—it had taken Tony to make him think of that!

He nodded his head sharply as if shaking himself awake, climbed in behind the wheel, turned north and presently plunged into the Holland Tunnel. He issued into the light of day; well, this was certainly Jersey—he was free, a free man. Simply because it was cold he headed due south, traveling at an easy rate that would preclude any annoyance from the law. The roads were excellent and well marked, but he scarcely noticed the signposts; all he had to do was to keep on traveling south.

Twenty-three thousand! He strove earnestly to recall the sensations of the day when that sum would have seemed a lot of money, but try as he might he could not now make it feel like wealth. There was no use fooling yourself; the sickening drop from a million to twenty-three thousand gave you the exact jolt of hitting rock bottom except for the actual broken bones. He would have to count his pennies, squeeze each one of them until it sweated. Well, it was almost midnight and all he had spent so far was the toll for the tunnel. The next moment he was paying another—his fare across the New Castle ferry.

His was the only car; a deckhand lounged up to its open side. "You were lucky, buddy."

"Why?" asked Raglan.

"This is the last boat and you caught it by the skin of your teeth. If we hadn't seen your lights swing in from the Salem road we'd have gone without you."

"It wouldn't have mattered," said Raglan.

"Wouldn't, eh? You'd have had to beat it all the way up to the Delaware Bridge and back again, a matter of eighty miles."

RAGLAN nodded; he didn't feel like talking, and to his surprise he was neither hungry nor thirsty. Leaving the boat, he headed across to the highway and again turned south. Most of the villages showed only their street lights, but at half past one in the morning a glare in the distance cut a vast arc into the velvet of the moonless sky. Baltimore. He stepped on the gas, increasing his speed over one rise after another until finally he reached the outskirts of the city. Then he slowed down, drifted mainly by gravitation toward the waterfront. Turning a corner he was almost startled by the cheerful illumination of a single low building. "Kelvy's," he read. He had heard of Kelvy's; he drew up at the curb and went in.

In spite of its brilliant interior the place was almost deserted. An attendant was asleep behind the bar, his elbows spread-eagled on the scarred mahogany, his face buried against hairy wrists. Otherwise only two men were present, seated at a shadowy corner table, and neither seemed a customer. One, a ponderous red-faced individual with gimlet eyes, was in his shirt sleeves despite the season, but thick flannel underclothing showed beneath his open collar. The other was dressed in heavy *blue broadcloth and seemed a seafaring* man. Raglan started toward the bar.

"Don't wake him, stranger," said the man in shirt sleeves, rising and coming forward. "What do you want?"

"To begin with," said Raglan, "something to eat." He smiled. "After that, whatever you say."

"You've come to the wrong place at the wrong time. Get out and travel."

"Are you Kelvy?"

"What business is that of yours?"

Raglan leaned with his back against the bar, his eyes still smiling. "If you're Rudy Kelvy you owe me a good turn."

"I'm Rudy, all right, but where do you get the good-turn stuff?"

"I'm Larry Raglan of Raglan & Company. We snaked an odd lot of Bakeware bonds away from you at twenty-six, and now you could buy them back at four or better."

"Say! Why didn't you say who you was! Sure, you can have all you want to eat and anything you like to drink." He turned on the sleeping barman and roared, "Hey, Bulbul, wake up! Ham and eggs for Mr. Raglan. Hear that? Ham and!"

"Gotcha," murmured the sleeper, and with his eyes still half shut began making his automatic preparations.

"Come over and meet the captain," said Rudy, leading the way to the corner table. "Skipper, this is Mr. Larry Raglan of New York."

THE three sat sipping drinks whose main ingredient was the best Scotch Raglan had tasted for many a day. His ham and eggs came; he disposed of them and promptly ordered a repeat. He finished the second platter at his leisure, saying nothing but listening with increasing wonder. Neither Kelvy nor the captain seemed to have any secrets from the world in general nor did it occur to them to blush at their illicit traffic. They talked business as casually as though they were commenting on the weather. Raglan, his interest aroused, studied the skipper curiously. He appeared a serious, self-respecting individual, not at all greedy for his bottle nor coarse in his speech. Presently he grew conscious of the fixed gaze upon him and answered it.

"You have an excellent appetite, Mr. Raglan; I like to see a man eat."

Raglan yielded to a sudden impulse. "If you like to see me eat, why not prolong the enjoyment? I've never been on a rum-boat, but I wouldn't mind giving it a try. What about taking me along as a passenger?"

"Rum-boat!" exclaimed the skipper. "What rum-boat? Are you referring to my ship, the Amador King? If you are, I'll have you know she's a fourteen-thousand-ton regular freighter, own sister to the Matador King, as fine a pair as ever plied any ocean."

"I beg your pardon," said Raglan placatingly. "I seem to have put my foot in it. No offense, I can assure you, but I've been listening to you and Mr. Kelvy for the last hour and somehow I got the idea you're a rum-runner."

(Continued on page 36)

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED

KOOLS have taken the dry throat out of steady smoking and put more real cigarette pleasure into your life. They're mildly mentholated. The smoke is cooler—decidedly refreshing. But the mild menthol in KOOLS doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. The cork tips protect lips. Save the valuable B & W coupons packed with KOOLS for Congress Quality gilt-edged U. S. Playing Cards and other attractive premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

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Wartime Vapor

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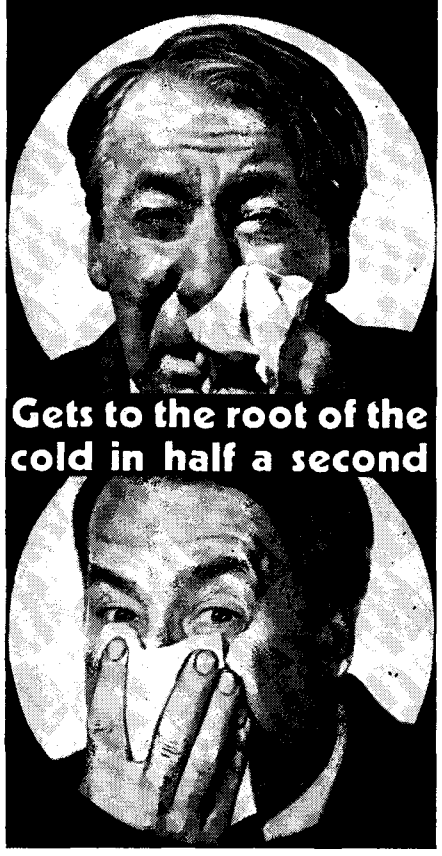

Gets to the root of the cold in half a second

Here's how to take the misery right out of a cold, without dosing the body or stuffing your nose. English chemists discovered it—a marvelous vapor that stops cold-suffering where it STARTS—in the nose.

Just breathe it from your handkerchief. No muss, no fuss.

The instant you inhale Vapex from your handkerchief, you feel the cooling vapor way in the back of your nose. Every tiny part of the cold-infected area is covered with this pure, full-strength vapor medication. Every stuffed-up passage is penetrated and cleared.

VAPEX—and only VAPEX—has a triple action that brings complete and lasting relief from colds—and wards off coughs.

Refuse any of the 75 imitations that may prove worthless. Real Vapex costs only half a cent an application. Handy bottle usually lasts all winter and should be in your medicine chest RIGHT NOW. Get it from your druggist.

Genuine

VAPEX

TAKES THE MISERY OUT OF COLDS

FREE GAUZE CONTAINING VAPEX

Mail this to **Vapex, 95 Watts St., New York City,** and receive several pieces of VAPEXed gauze for use inside your handkerchief. It will prove beyond a doubt what VAPEX can do for nasty colds. Also FREE, new folder giving valuable diet advice and health helps.

Name .....

PLEASE PRINT

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

(Continued from page 35)

"Oh, me! That's a lot different from what you said. You called my ship a rum-boat, but if you were merely referring to the bits of cargo I bring to our friend Mr. Kelvy, you can go as far as you like. Anyway, what's that to the rest of her load? A mere drop in the bucket. Fourteen thousand tons registry, sir, fourteen thousand tons."

"Any way you put it, Captain," said Raglan, swinging his eyes back to the skipper's face, "I've taken a liking to you and I'd like to go along as your passenger."

"Can't. The articles won't stand for it."

"I'm not as green as all that," said Raglan, blinding the skipper with his friendly smile. "You can sign me on as supercargo or anything else. When are you sailing?"

"At dawn," said the captain, his eyes narrowing to a gleam of speculation.

"Come outside for a minute, Rudy, will you?" said Raglan. "I want to show you my car."

Kelvy accompanied him. "Sweet-looking boat," he murmured.

"What will you give me for it?"

"Me?" said Kelvy, suspecting a joke. "Five hundred bucks."

"It cost five thousand a couple of years ago," said Raglan, "but I take you."

"You do, eh?" muttered Kelvy, promptly suspicious. "What's the matter with her?"

"Nothing," said Raglan, proceeding to write out a bill of sale on the back of his card. "You're getting a gift simply because I can't wait till tomorrow. The price is five hundred bucks, what I've had to eat and drink, and the word to the captain that will persuade him to take me along."

"In a hurry, eh?" said Kelvy, his gimlet eyes boring into Raglan's surprisingly peaceful face.

"Forget it," said Raglan. "I'm not wanted; all I'm running away from is alimony to two wives. Come on inside and fix things up."

A MOMENT later Kelvy was saying, "Looks like you was going to take Mr. Raglan along, Skip."

The captain had had time to think things over. "All right," he said, "a thousand dollars and no questions asked."

"That's what I thought," said Kelvy, "but we was both wrong. He'll pay you a hundred in money and you can take out the rest in watching him eat."

Not averse to a change in company, the captain was easily persuaded; he had had plenty of time to size up Raglan for the sort of person who would never be in the way, never grab at more than his share of the talk, and yet prove companionable. Bulbul, the barman, now thoroughly awake, motored them down to the dock and carried Raglan's bags aboard. Without ceremony the skipper routed out his third officer, ordering him to bunk elsewhere.

"Will this suit you, Mr. Raglan?"

"Fine," said Larry, surveying the tiny cabin with its high outlook from the bridge deck with appreciative eyes.

"Sorry, though, you have to disturb this young fellow."

"Him? Don't worry about him; he's lucky to be alive. Come along to my cabin until the steward gets your things straightened out."

There ensued thirteen days of the most profound peace Raglan had ever experienced. He had not known the human mind could be so free from worry or the body of man so adjustable to the life of the mollusk. Though he ate heartily four times a day, drank whatever and whenever he liked, slept at all hours and took a minimum of exercise, never had his always excellent health been better, nor did his waistline increase. Day followed day without his ever asking where they were bound. At first his indifference had puzzled the captain, but gradually it began to amaze him. He made up his mind that until Raglan asked their destination point-blank he would never tell it. As for Raglan, apparently sensing the captain's determination, he amused himself by continued silence. It was a game between them.

He had changed to his roughest and heaviest clothes upon coming aboard, but as the weather grew milder he got out other suits and finally chanced to put on the one he had worn on the day of his break with Regis. Something had been left in a side pocket and weighed heavily. Just as one is apt to turn an envelope addressed in a strange handwriting over and over again without opening it, trying to guess the sender, so he fumbled at the object in his pocket from the outside, wondering what it could be. He would not permit himself to take a peek nor to slip his fingers inside to feel. He breakfasted in concentrated silence, then climbed to the nook on deck which was only just big enough to accommodate the hammock chair allotted him, and settled down under a heavy rug to solve his trifling problem.

When he had all but given up and was on the point of dozing, quite suddenly solution came to him—a leather notebook, worn and dog-eared. Oddly enough, now he was free to take it out and look at it if only to make sure he was right, he did no such thing. Instead, wide-awake, he sat gazing out to sea with a strange and unseeing fixity. Regis was with him; he held her bodily within the range of his staring eyes. He could see her—actually see her. Not angry, not with all the sources of her being frozen against him, but her natural, familiar self. The curve of her lips. The self-reliance in her glance. The ebb and flow of color in her cheeks as if echoing the faint rise and fall of her high breasts. The turn of her cool arm, of all her body, slender yet pervaded with its astonishing suggestion of strength. He beheld her, living and breathing; he could talk to her if he liked, but he might not touch her.

A sort of subcutaneous tremor swept him from head to foot; his skin tingled as though it were being reborn to a new life. If this was what it meant to be in love he was due for a readjustment of values. To be able to summon the person beloved in spirit no less than in body implied a power of communion never before imagined, a possession far more subtle than mere seizure of the flesh. It gave him the right to love whether his love was wanted or not. More than that, it lifted him to a plane where a void could assume the attributes of a satisfying fullness. How long this ecstatic state might last he could not guess and it didn't matter; what mattered was today—what he felt today.

Deliberately he summoned his one meager vision of an absent Eleanor, so often used it had grown shopworn, Eleanor with raised arms and well-kept fingers loosening her well-kept hair. He turned from that snapshot memory back to Regis, present and living, more actual than the restless depths of the sea beneath his feet. He took out the notebook at last, held it in his hands for a long while, then opened it at random and began to read. He smiled. How firm her handwriting, how accurate she had been and how astonishingly thorough.

ABRUPTLY his roving eyes snapped to fixity, his fingers trembled and then grew still and firm as stone. An odd transformation swept across his features, leaving them so changed he seemed another man. He read the closely written page that had seized his attention again and again; even after he had learned it by heart and could have recited it forward and backward he read it once more, slowly, his mind stepping cautiously from word to word. Suddenly the blood rushed into his face. He sprang to his feet, kicking the rug aside. The wind caught it, dragged it to the scuppers and half over the side. The skipper shouted down at him in warning, but he paid no heed. The rug slid into the sea. He climbed to the bridge and faced the captain.

"Where are we bound for?"

"Eh, lad," jeered the skipper, "don't you wish you knew!"

Raglan's eyes blazed, he held his clenched fists close to his sides. "I'm not altogether an idiot," he said quietly; "I know we've been heading east. What's your first port of call? Tell me or take the consequences."

The captain stared at him with fallen jaw but presently recovered the power of speech. "Language—what language! We make Cherbourg tomorrow, Mr. Steerage Raglan. Now leave my bridge before I throw you off."

(To be continued next week)

"Who's singing baritone?"

William von Riegen

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Put An End To Night-Time Tossing . . . Do This And

Get 8 Hours Sound Sleep Tonight

. . . Feel Like A Totally Different Person Tomorrow

For the sake of your health, your nerves, adopt this natural, drugless way to get sleep quickly at night . . . a way that greatly heightens energy and pep the following day.

Now there is a simple, drugless way to put an end to sleepless nights. You fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep all night as peacefully as a child.

IF you toss and turn when you go to bed at night—if wakeful nerves keep you from getting your *full* 8 hours of sleep—here's news that is important.

For science has now found an amazingly simple way to make poor sleepers get to *sleep!* . . . A way that not only brings sound sleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. But also greatly improves the *quality* of sleep.

A Remarkable Discovery

It is not a drug or a medicine—it does not remotely resemble either one. But is a delicious food-drink you take with warm milk just before going to bed.

Almost at once, you begin to feel relaxed. You fall asleep as effortlessly as a child. And sleep your full 8 hours more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

In the morning, you awaken greatly refreshed—nerves calmer, mind clearer by far. Filled with abundant new energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.

In the morning, you awaken clear-eyed, refreshed—looking and feeling like a new person. Filled with new energy and vitality to carry you vigorously through the day.

For this remarkable food-drink contains natural elements to fortify your vital reserve. And greatly increases your ability to recover from fatigue.

Thus your come-back is much faster—your "staying powers" are heightened and multiplied.

How It Acts

This unique food-drink is called Ovaltine—first developed in Switzerland and now made over here. And it acts 3 ways to help combat the causes of inability to sleep.

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, over a period of time, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

Try It Tonight

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. *Try it* and see for yourself how much more quickly you fall asleep—how much more *completely* you rest.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, observe how it restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night. Note how much more easily you recover from fatigue—how much more vitality you possess.

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk and drink it before going to bed tonight.

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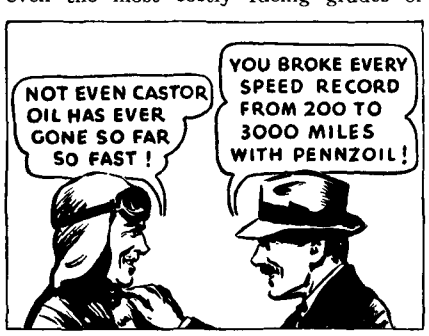

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MAKES CARS GO FASTER..SAVES ON GASOLINE

I'll be Back

Continued from page 13

off for the day—and as it turned out he was off for three days, and after that, when he reported back, he was off for always.

For a month John Gilbreth went the round of pleasure as it is provided for Irishmen in the Quaker City. It was little he had to buy for himself, for he was the guest of honor always, but even so he didn't start with much and at the end of that time he found himself flat broke.

Work he got here and there but the social demands were far too much for him. He would think of what he ought to do and God knows he tried to do it. But it wasn't in the man to refuse a dance or a party or a wake or any of those sorts of jollity. He never told Kathleen anything about it. In his letters, to read them, everything was coming along nice and easy. Money was being put in the bank and the day of his home-coming was getting nearer and nearer.

Three years went by that way—and John Gilbreth was about as near becoming a bum as liquor and good times can make a well-brought-up lad of twenty-nine. He stood one morning on the corner of Fourth and Race Streets with some other boys who had a long time since given up all ideas of working. In his pocket he had his last letter from Kathleen telling him she was beginning to strike the days off to the wedding.

The man was about fit to jump in the Delaware River when along comes a boss bull-pusher in his red shirt. They wear them that color on the cattle boats to let the steers know who is the boss.

"I'm short a man," yelled the bull-pusher. "Are any of you drunks willing to take a nice, easy passage to Liverpool?"

And he looked hard at John Gilbreth, who was easily the strongest and cleanest man there.

"What's in it?" he asked the boss.

"Ten shillings and a round trip and lashings of food but no drink. You're an Ulsterman by your twang and it will be a grand chance to run across the water and see your girl."

"To hell with that," John answered him. "But I'll go you."

"A drink on it," said the bull-pusher, making to enter the saloon.

"You said there was no drink in it," said John. "Let's be on our way."

And off they went, the two of them, to the river.

FROM that time on for two years John Gilbreth was bull-pushing across the Atlantic. You'll believe me when I tell you that the man was doing his best to overcome his weaknesses. It took him only four voyages to become a foreman, and inside of the first year he was wearing the red shirt of a bull boss.

But you will never get rich rustling cattle whether on land or sea. Thirty dollars a month was his pay and that sort of money can be spent in a single night in either Liverpool, Glasgow, New York or Philadelphia. Not that John was doing any spending now. Ten shillings was all he kept for himself out of his envelope and the difference would go to Kathleen. The man wouldn't even buy himself decent clothes.

"This is money over and above what I'm packing away myself," he would write. "Put it along with the silver from the calves."

And, you know, it was all he had.

In the towns he went to on his voyages he made no friends, for he had found out that friends were his desolation. And when he had to hit the port of Philadelphia he never as much as left the boat. That was hard enough to do, but the real misery would come when his ship on occasion would put into Belfast, just a two hours' journey from Raghery, or into Londonderry, even a mite closer.

He would suffer something fierce on the nights when his cattle boat would pass alongside the island on the way to either Glasgow or Liverpool. He'd catch the light from the windows of Pat McNary's farmhouse and he'd know she was there close by to the lamps. You'll ask why he didn't write to the girl or go to her and tell her the truth. She had said for sure she would wait forever. But some men and some women are made that way, and the sort of foolishness he was going on with has wrecked many a fine romance.

John was all for letting her go when his five years were up. He had figured it out that way.

"I'll drop her a line or two and tell her I've a girl in Philadelphia," he would say to himself, standing on the deck of a long, dark night. "It will be better for both of us I should tell her. Then she'll pick herself a man that's worth while. And John Gilbreth will just go on bull-pushing."

AND then came the trip on the Gettysburg, with Captain Joseph Blanton, the superior Yankee.

From the start those two didn't get along.

The trip went along, however, as most cattle-boat rides fashion out and John, being a quiet fellow slow to anger, kept away from the captain and his cutting tongue. They had been out fourteen days from Philadelphia when they ran into a fog off the Donegal and Londonderry coasts. It got worse as they went along. A still sea and a blanket of fog.

They were crawling along dead slow through the fog when the skipper sent for John Gilbreth.

"You're from these parts," he said. And the bull-pusher told him he was.

"Where are we now?"

"You're in Raghery Sound," John answered him. "About seven miles off the Giant's Causeway and the mainland."

"It's a graveyard," said Blanton.

"It is, for some ships and for some sailors," said John.

"Get back to your steers," the skipper told him. "And if I have any more of your insolence I'll clap you in irons."

And what did the boat do at that very minute but climb onto a reef, part of the sunken roadway that joined Scotland to Ireland thousands of years ago. She gave a shiver or two and settled, a bit cocked from her stern so that the steers got scared and you could hear their roaring miles away.

Up popped the chief engineer with the story that there was a hole in the Gettysburg's side into which the water was running and which was bound to tip her over in the near by and by. Captain Blanton was that flurried he didn't take a peek at the chart which would have shown him that he was nearer to Raghery than to the mainland.

"Get out the boats," he shouted.

"What about the cattle?" asked John Gilbreth.

"They can drown," said Blanton, "and you along with them for all I care."

"If we let them loose they can swim ashore."

"You claim to be a cattleman," snapped the captain. "Did you ever hear of any steer being able to swim

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more than three miles, let alone seven?"

"I never did," said John humbly and thankfully. For he saw of a sudden that not a man there was giving thought to the Island of Raghery two miles to port. And the sea still as a bathtub.

"We'll leave the cattle aboard and let them take their chance," the captain told the crew and the bull-pushers. "If the ship stands up till morning we'll take them off in rafts. Everybody to the boats."

When they were all lowered and loaded there was John Gilbreth standing on the cocked-up deck smoking his pipe.

"Come on down, fool," shouted the captain.

"Thank you, sir, and kindly," answered the Ulsterman. "One man anyhow should stay around and watch these poor dumb animals. There's just a slim chance the boat may not tip over and even if she does I'm a good swimmer."

"You're not a bad fellow at that," shouted the skipper. "If it all comes out right you'll not be the loser."

"Indeed I won't," said John to himself, and waved his hand into the fog.

JOHN had set himself the job of coming home to Raghery in style. In most extraordinary style. But he had laid himself out a stupendous job. He had to work awfully fast. Lucky for him the lighting plant was still running. There was one other fine thing in his favor. Only that afternoon he had set his men to putting up the runways for unloading the cattle when the ship would dock at Glasgow. So the steers on the upper deck could be driven below and then to the big door in the side of the ship.

He opened that with a lot of difficulty and found it almost level with the water. He tied one of the big life-rafts just below and laid bales of hay to make a straight walk. Then he loosed a pen of cattle and, dropping the headboards, started to drive them into the sea.

At last he got the leaders into the water. He knew well their instinct would take them to the nearest land. So he went along loosing pen after pen and the poor animals started playing follow-your-leader. It was cruel hard work and day was breaking through the fog when the job was finished.

"Get you in there," he yelled to the last steer, "and let Kathleen know that I'm on my way."

That's what he had on his mind all night. The promised coach and four would be nothing to the equipage in which he intended to land on Raghery. The pen he had kept to the last was filled with what the trade knows as boloney bulls. At long last he got his pen to the water's edge. He tied a length of light rope to the necks of the last four.

With these in he jumped to the life-raft and cut it loose, taking the lines from the bulls for all the world as if he was driving a team. He had red lamps tied to the four corners of the raft and off he floated for Raghery while ahead of him could be heard the snorting of more than five hundred head of cattle swimming hard for land.

"There's queer noises," muttered old Pat McNary, turning in his bed and giving a shake to Mary Ann.

The tired woman sat up and listened.

"It's the snotting of scared cattle," she said after a while, and Pat agreed with her.

"It couldn't be mine," he said, climbing out, "and the grunting comes from the sea. Maybe there's a wreck and salvage in it for me. Wake up the boys, Mary Ann."

So fifteen minutes later McNary's farm hands, his servant girl, his wife and his daughter were all standing on the strand staring out into the fog.

Across the water came such a snorting as these people had never before heard.

The servant girl started running to the house, yelping the while.

"Hold your whisht, girl," shouted old McNary as he saw the leading half-dozen steers find their feet and stagger to land. "It's manna from the heavens. A wrecked ship and the cattle free. Two pounds a head is what Lloyd's pays and who's going to get it but me?"

They stood there stiff with astonishment and good fortune as steer after steer got clear of the water. Docile, frightened animals they were and Pat and his three laboring men had little trouble to drive them into the four enclosed pastures. Wet they were and tired.

"They'll be all right in the morning," cried Pat, as joyful a man as ever was. And, at last: "That'll be the last of them," said the old man as he tallied five hundred and sixteen head.

As he said the words the roar of an explosion came to his ears. A great flare of light rose from the sea, about two miles away, and they were able to see the Gettysburg rear herself almost on end, stand a second or two and then slide slowly into the sea.

"Oh, the poor men," cried Kathleen.

Out of the still fog came four red lights a-creeping. They moved slow and steady and the girl there, watching, called to her father.

"There's some of them saved, the Lord be praised!" she cried.

"It's a man driving a team of cattle through the water," exclaimed one of the laborers. They came leisurely through the fog, John Gilbreth and his boloney bulls. He saw a girl and an old man standing there on the strand and he raised his voice in triumphant song to greet them:

"Oh, I've lately took the notion
To cross the briny ocean,
And I'll be back from Philadelphia in the mornin'."

"My John and his coach and four," cried the girl, running into the water and starting to swim.

"Have I to share the salvage with that useless fellow?" sighed old Pat. "He's Neptune, no less."

GILBRETH had jumped from his raft and was striking fast through the sea. The water was to their waists when the girl and the man got their hands on each other. And after a greeting that only the coldness of the sea cut short he picked her up and carried her to the shore where old Pat was waiting.

"I see you put my cattle away for me," said the bull-pusher, "and nice of you to do it, Pat. How did they tally?"

"Five hundred and sixteen," said the old man sulky-like. "But how are they your cattle?"

"Cleared every mother's son of them myself," answered John with his arm around his girl and her making no move to prevent him in the presence of her father. "The ship deserted and now at the bottom of the ocean. Five hundred and sixteen you picked up if you're not lying and four that pulled me ashore. That's forty that will be drowned. Lloyd's pay two pounds a head, don't they, Pat?"

"They do," answered the old man, still sulky.

Young John Gilbreth loosed his girl, spat on the palm of a huge hand and raised it in the air.

"A thousand pounds for half of the farm and Kathleen," he shouted.

Old Pat looked at the pair of them. It was a good bargain at that.

"Done," he cried—and held out his hand for the bull-pusher's fist to come smacking into it.

"It certainly looks easy to work."

"You're right it is. Just press a button. That's all there is to it."

Now you can enjoy the thrill of home movies . . . of the children . . . of parties . . . of all the precious moments you'd like to save.

Ciné-Kodak Eight makes all that possible. A full-fledged movie camera . . . a mechanical masterpiece—it makes clear, lifelike movies at the push of a button. And the price is $34.50.

See the Ciné-Kodak Eight today. Let your dealer show you the movies it makes. Join the ranks of the Ciné-Kodak Eight fans. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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"Oh!... so you've got one of the new Eights, too."

"You bet! It was a buy we couldn't pass up."

* Out in Hollywood, the movie people speak of a "shot" as one continuous scene of a picture story. The Eight makes 20 to 30 such scenes—each as long as those in the average news reel—on a roll of film costing $2.25, finished, ready to show.

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"SCALPTONE METHOD" STOPPED MY DANDRUFF

"I laughed at your promise," says Mr. Cook, "but a trial convinced me."

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.: "I laughed when you said that Packer's Scalptone method would do the trick of checking my dandruff—in view of the fact that I had tried so many of those things with little or no success. But I promised myself to give it a fair trial.

"Now I am wondering if you are as anxious to hear, as I am to tell you, of my great satisfaction in following your directions.

"I believe that Scalptone is the most effective tonic on the market. Not only does it cut and eliminate dandruff, but it leaves that soothing glow to the scalp which is most refreshing.

"I am *for* it." *(signed) G. K. Cook*

Thousands more men have found, as Mr. Cook did, that the Packer Scalptone method—with Packer's Tar Soap and Packer's Scalptone—checks their dandruff.

We don't promise miracles. No one can honestly claim that any treatment for anything is 100% effective. But Packer's Scalptone method is the most effective way we know of to clear up annoying dandruff.

The method is sound—based upon medical advice. And it is as simple as it is intelligent. Just two easy steps:

Packer's SCALPTONE METHOD for Dandruff

A MINUTE A DAY KEEPS DANDRUFF AWAY

STEP 1 . . . a few minutes each week with PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. Do this every week. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.

STEP 2 . . . one minute every day with PACKER'S SCALPTONE

Massage the tingling goodness of Scalptone into your scalp. Rub your Scalptone mixture well in—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp . . . see it remove the dandruff scales . . . make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for just a minute once a day.

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable*. In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature. You add just the right amount of oil to the tonic to have your hair the way you want it. You make your own prescription for your own hair.

After 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. As for dandruff—well, this treatment usually checks it inside of 3 weeks. Keep up the treatments (less often, if you wish) to prevent dandruff's returning.

If, after using your first bottle of Scalptone and cake of Packer's Tar Soap, you are not satisfied with the improvement in your hair, we'll cheerfully refund the purchase price, if you'll write and tell us what you paid.

Ice Man

Continued from page 15

"You're fifty-four, Baptie."

"Not on skates," he said. "Call my bluff and I'll show you."

He showed me. The next night Baptie, wearing a black woolen cap that hid his sparse hair, shot around that sixteen-lap track four times—and the watch said 41⅘ seconds. Baptie knows more about skating indoors than any man alive. He knows how to take those sharp turns without losing a fraction of a second.

"Not bad, not bad," he said, commenting on his time. "Of course," he added apologetically, "if I had time to train a bit I might do better. But I just wanted to prove that I am almost as good today as I was twenty-three years ago."

Today Baptie teaches figure-skating in New York City and he gives exhibitions of his art. His partner is Gladys Lamb and Baptie admits that Gladys is one of the five best figure skaters in the world. But he may be prejudiced. In private life Gladys Lamb is Mrs. Baptie.

"Anybody can learn to skate," Baptie says. "But of course everybody can't become a great skater. Figure-skating is purely a matter of coördination. Some people have a natural sense of coordination, others haven't.

"I taught Gladys Lamb to skate in eight days. She was the greatest pupil I ever had. Several years ago I was giving an exhibition in Chicago. Gladys was a dancer then and she came to see me work. She didn't see anything very difficult in what I was doing and she told the manager of the rink her views. The manager told me.

" 'She's a fresh kid,' I said, 'I'd like to see her on skates.'

"She heard what I'd said and came in one afternoon to try. I put a pair of skates on her and you'll never guess what happened."

"I suppose she skated right off and then did a lot of fancy stuff that even you couldn't do," I replied.

"No," Baptie said, "she fell right on her neck. And she kept on falling. But she wanted to learn and I kept working with her. In eight days she was dancing with me on the ice.

"Then she and I formed a partnership and we've been giving exhibitions ever since. She is a wonderful figure skater and a great teacher."

Balance Does It

Baptie and Miss Lamb have taught thousands to skate. "You've got to learn to walk before you can learn to run," he says. "In skating you must first learn long, slow strides. After a while you get so you can skate forever without getting tired. Short, jerky strides tire the leg muscles.

"People often say 'I can't skate,' " he continued. " 'I have weak ankles. I collapse every time I put on a pair of skates.' I find that in most cases it isn't their ankles that are weak—it's their skates. When I have a pupil whose ankles turn I adjust his skates. First the shoe must fit perfectly. Then the skate itself must be moved either to one side of the shoe or the other so that when the pupil is standing he will be standing firmly. It's a question of balance and getting the center of gravity right over the skate.

"I always start off by teaching the Inside Forward Eight, which is the ordinary Figure Eight. It is simple and it develops a sense of balance. After a few lessons any pupil can do this figure well. The beginner says, 'Why, figure-skating is easy,' and from then on he has plenty of confidence and I can go on immediately to the more difficult figures."

Baptie himself never learned to skate. He just skated. Baptie was born in Bethany, Ontario, but when he was six months old his family moved to Bathgate, North Dakota. The winters come early and stay long in Bathgate and there is nothing for a kid to do in the winter except skate and attend school. So mostly they skate.

When Baptie was ten years old he won his first race and, like many an amateur before him, he immediately turned professional. He'd race anybody for a dime, a watch, a medal or just for the fun of it. Well, sir, Bathgate, North Dakota, was quite proud of this young prodigy and Bathgate invited Jack McCulloch of Winnipeg to meet Baptie in a series of match races. McCulloch had just won the amateur championship of the world in a meet at Montreal.

An Alexander on Skates

McCulloch turned professional for the occasion and Baptie got the afternoon off from high school. He beat the Canadian without any trouble at all. Now the pride of Bathgate, North Dakota, looked around for new worlds to conquer. He found them and in two years was recognized as the world's greatest speed skater.

He established his first world record in 1902. His last one was made in 1918. During those sixteen years he ruled the world of speed-skating as perhaps no sport king ever ruled his domain. He virtually killed the sport of professional speed-skating because every race in which he participated resolved itself into an exhibition. There was nobody even close to him. He had to take up figure-skating and fancy exhibition skating in self-defense.

He learned all the old figures and then invented a great many new ones. Today the leading amateurs, Karl Schaefer, Gillis Grafstrom, Sonja Henie and Fritzi Burger, all do stunts which were originated by Baptie. He is the father of fancy skating but he refuses to step back in favor of any of his pupils. He still invents new tricks and he can still jump over twelve barrels—the only man ever to accomplish this little stunt. He can still whirl through more outlandish gyrations on the ice than any man alive but he is not especially proud of that. He is especially proud of one of his accomplishments, however.

"Seven years ago Paul Jaffee was just another New York kid skating around the rinks," Baptie says. "He had never done much skating outdoors. The 1928 Olympic Games were coming along and Jaffee looked very promising. But there is a great difference between skating outdoors on a four-lap course and skating indoors on a sixteen-lap course. I set out to teach Jaffee how to skate outdoors and I taught him on an indoor sixteen-lap track. He went to St. Moritz that year and won the 10,000-meter title. He beat all of those Norwegians who had been skating out of doors all their lives. I am prouder of teaching Paul how to become an outdoor skater than I am of my own records."

"And in conclusion, Mr. Baptie, what would you say is the hardest thing about learning to skate well?"

"The hardest thing about learning to skate well," Mr. Baptie said solemnly, "is the ice."

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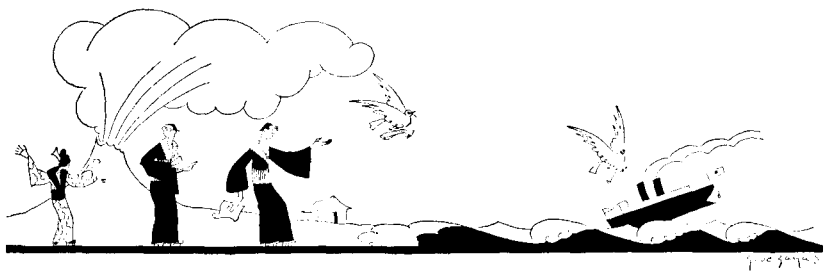


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In Japan, newspaper reporters use carrier pigeons to rush stories such as military maneuvers and sporting events to their editors when on assignments far from telegraph offices. A pigeon can carry four sheets of "copy" in a tube on its leg, as well as three picture films in another on its back.

A remarkable example of the vital interdependence which sometimes occurs between a plant and an animal is that of the yucca shrub and the yucca moth. The plant is fertilized by pollen that is brought to it only by this moth, and the moth's larvæ are fed by food that is produced only by this plant.

Of the several methods of stealing gold from gold coins, the most unusual is that used by the money brokers of the Orient. They do not chip or wear down the surface, but neatly hollow out the coin and refill it with another metal.—*By E. G. Taylor, Chicago, Illinois.*

Many wives who have been deserted by their husbands continue to be devoted to them. This fact has been tragically illustrated during the past three years by a constant stream of these women to the grave of "an unknown man" in Hardingstone, England. Each one comes to say a prayer for him, thinking that he might have been her husband.

Even trees deliberately kill one another. Down in the forests of Guatemala, the matapalo tree when young clings to another tree for support. As it grows the matapalo gradually surrounds the supporting tree and chokes it to death.

The Berbers who live in and around Algiers have some peculiar ideas on property ownership. Even among the wealthiest of them, a man often owns only the trunk of a fig tree, while others own the branches and the land upon which it stands.

In the Harlem district of New York, the largest Negro "city" in the world, powders for making wishes come true still sell widely and at incredible prices. Not long ago the police seized the advertising circulars of one doctor and found that he carried magic potions which sold for as much as $1,000 a bottle.

Many peasants of Brittany, France, virtually bury themselves alive at night in beds that are mere cubbyholes, built high in the wall. After climbing in through the little opening, they shut the sliding panel and sleep in a state of semi-suffocation. —*By Mrs. Walter Chur, Cleveland, Ohio.*

The Azhar University in Cairo, which is the chief Moslem seat of learning and the largest institution for religious education in the world, has a unique record. Up to 1871, 901 years after it was founded, it had no departments, no program, no rules, no examinations and no diplomas.—*By A. H. Rosenfeld, Giza, Egypt.*

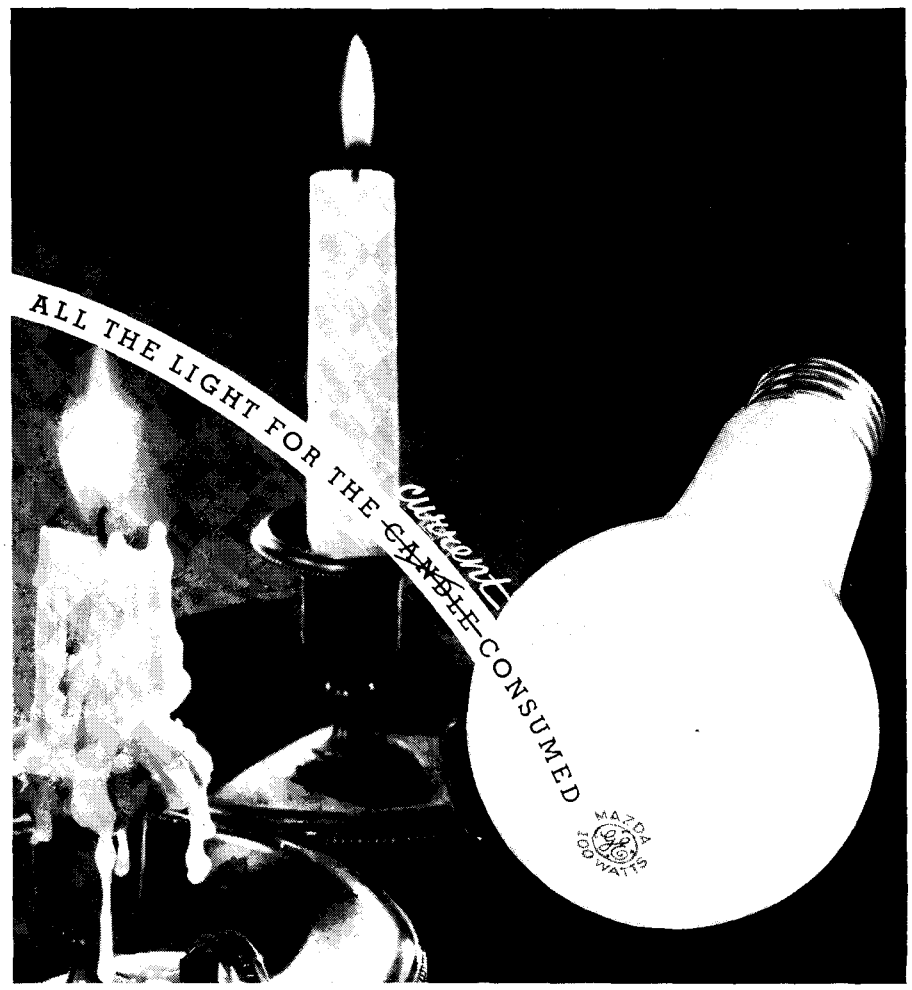
Authorized by the Turkish Government, an American has just finished removing the plaster and paint from several Christian mosaics in Santa Sophia Mosque in Istanbul. These famous mosaics had been covered over since 1453, when this structure, the most costly sanctuary ever erected by Christian people, was seized by the Mohammedans.

One of the world's strangest compacts was made 120 years ago in Ragusa, now Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. The city then had the status of a sovereign state with a large aristocracy. These nobles were so proud that when Ragusa was annexed to Austria in 1814, they agreed among themselves to die out by not having children. All but two families kept the agreement.

The world's most heterogeneous dish is "risttafel," which is served throughout the Dutch East Indies. It contains from 30 to 50 different foods—including rice, vegetables, meat, eggs, spices, fruit and fish—all tastily mixed in a big bowl.—*By Katherine McDermott, New York City.*

In several places throughout the world, particularly Venezuela and Sicily, it still is the custom to have elaborate Biblical scenes painted on carts, automobiles and busses to protect them from accidents.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Grandma demanded "HARD CANDLES"

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There is as much difference between an inferior lamp and a General Electric MAZDA lamp as there was between a tallow dip and a fine wax candle. This difference is of tremendous importance to all users of light because the quality and economy of electrical current *does not vary.* Electricity has no "grades." If you want all the light for the current consumed *you must look to your lamps!*

The famous mark GE protects your eyes and pocketbook by giving you a *full measure of light,* plus the best guarantee obtainable that your lamps won't burn out prematurely or blacken quickly. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

For Good Light at Low Cost

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

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Ambitious Smith Saves the Situation

By Stopping His COLD in a Hurry

1 6 P.M.
MARY, I'M CATCHING A TERRIBLE COLD... AND WE'VE GOT THE MEETING ON THAT BIG DEAL TOMORROW. -THROAT SORE, TOO. WHAT CAN I DO?
LISTEN, YOUR MOTHER'S DOCTOR TOLD HER OF THE SUREST WAY TO GET RID OF A COLD QUICK TODAY.... COME WITH ME...
TAKE THESE 2 BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS. -WE'LL DO THIS AGAIN IN A COUPLE OF HOURS
(A)
2
NOW DRINK THIS FULL GLASS OF WATER-ALL OF IT.
(B)
HE REPEATED THIS IN TWO HOURS
(A)
NOW, FOR YOUR SORE THROAT, WE'LL CRUSH AND DISSOLVE 3 BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS IN 1/2 GLASS OF WATER TO GARGLE...
3
(B)
THAT WILL EASE THE SORENESS IN YOUR THROAT-INSTANTLY.
4 NEXT DAY - AT OFFICE
WELL, DEAR, I PUT OVER THE BIG DEAL. YES, COLD WAS PRACTICALLY GONE WHEN I GOT TO THE OFFICE.... THAT BAYER ASPIRIN TREATMENT FOR COLDS IS CERTAINLY FAST.
IT'S THE FASTEST WAY THERE IS!

Almost Instant Relief From Colds and Pains *IN THIS WAY*

If you catch a cold—don't take chances with "cold killers" and nostrums. A cold may be dangerous to take chances on.

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

This is recognized as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. —and the pains of neuritis or sciatica that may accompany it. For it often checks an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it. Just do this:

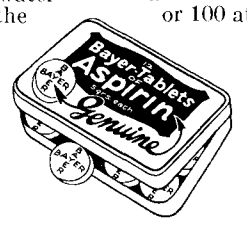
1. Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets.
2. Drink Full Glass of Water. *Repeat treatment in 2 Hours.*
3. If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle. This eases the soreness in your throat almost instantly.

Your cold should be relieved quickly when you do this because the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets are so made that they start working almost instantly.

You can combat nearly *any cold* you get simply by taking BAYER Aspirin as directed. *Sore throat* can be eased by gargling this way in two or three minutes, incredible as this may seem.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin. It dissolves almost instantly. And thus works almost instantly you take it internally. And for a gargle, it dissolves completely enough for this purpose. Get a box of 12 tablets or bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.

NRA WE DO OUR PART



DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

The Sin Splitter

Continued from page 17

way, and the result was the largest gathering the community had seen in years.

B'r Charlie and the Widow Duck chatted with the new arrivals as they came up, but the Sin Splitter remained aloof and sinister.

Presently he rose and surveyed the crowd with grunts which indicated that while he was dissatisfied he would try to make the best of it. He asked the Widow Duck to "h'ist de chune of de Fly Away song," and the people who knew Sin Splitter Samuel either personally or by reputation guessed that he was going to preach his famous Eagle sermon.

The Widow Duck opened up with:

"Oh, I wants two wings to veil my face,
And I wants two wings to fly away."

THEY sang for a quarter of an hour, the voices swelling as everybody joined in. But the Splitter was still unhappy. The people sang freely but without fervor. The Splitter knew that such a state of calm would never do. People had to get "worked up" before he could get a decent-sized collection from them, let alone "pour de Sperrit on 'em." He shouted for them to "git right wid Glory," but they sang as though they already were right with Glory and smugly satisfied with it.

"De devil's name and de devil's game, and a satisfied sinner ain't got no shame," the Splitter shouted. And when he said that, he imagined he saw a smirk on the face of B'r Charlie, who was singing piously with the rest.

"Dis ain't gittin' hotted up," yelled the Splitter. "Somebody lead off in prayer for a while."

B'r Charlie himself performed this office. B'r Charlie prayed a straightaway prayer of thanksgiving. He was thankful that the weather had been about right for the crops, and he was thankful that everybody on the place was well and happy. He was thankful that they had plenty to eat and wear, and he was especially grateful that everybody had a little money saved up from the cotton chopping. The Splitter was surprised to hear such a thoroughly gracious prayer from anyone he disliked as much as he did the one-legged preacher, and he was on the verge of wondering if he had not misjudged B'r Charlie. But before he actually got around to the idea, B'r Charlie revealed the true purpose of the prayer:

"And we thank You," B'r Charlie said, "for de wawm nights and de purty moonlight."

A chorus of "Amens" seconded him.

"Cause," he continued, "us kin stand in de big road and sing and shout to Glory. Cause us don't got to buy oil for de lanterns, and us don't got to buy wood for de stove. We jest stand in de road and sing and pray, and hit don't cost nobody nothin'!"

"Dat devil," the Splitter grumbled to himself, "is prayin' me outn de collection."

B'r Charlie prayed on and on. He pointed out, by way of being thankful, that salvation was free and didn't ever cost anybody a penny. He called to mind the fact that the collection he always received had gone to buy coal oil for the lanterns and for other expenses incidental to maintaining a house in which to worship; which practice, he asserted, was followed by Moses in the olden times. But the Book spoke specifically against the false prophets who went about taking up collections when they didn't have to buy coal oil.

The Splitter was the first to realize that B'r Charlie had completely ruined the meeting financially, and the Splitter considered the financial aspect one of first importance. However, the Sin Splitting Samuel had not conducted revivals for forty years for nothing. He had learned not only when to keep on fighting, but he had learned when to quit fighting and, apparently, to join the enemy.

"Pray hit, Brother," he thundered. "Dat's 'Amen' prayin' and I and de Lawd wants to hyar some seconds."

The noisy response almost drowned out the praying, but B'r Charlie kept on for a full half-hour. And while B'r Charlie was putting the finishing touches to his prayer, the Sin Splitter did three things: He sent Mamie T. home for her accordion; he told the Widow Duck to "lead out a marching song and follow me" the instant B'r Charlie stopped praying; and finally, he mounted on Balaam's back, face to the rear.

As soon as B'r Charlie ended his prayer, Mamie T.'s accordion struck a chord, and the Widow Duck opened up with "When the Saints Go Marching In." Sin Splitter headed Balaam right down the road, leading a procession of several hundred surprised, singing and slightly aroused people.

The moonlit night swelled with the discordant music, and the marchers beheld ahead of them the strange spectacle of a tall, gaunt black man, sitting backwards on a tall, gaunt red mule. The man was talking—preaching, evidently. Occasionally they could distinguish, above the song the preacher's roaring refrain: "Bones—bones, bones! Dry bones!"

The procession left the road and went across a field. Verse after verse of the marching song was chanted.

At last, after miles of wandering, Balaam walked up a steep levee bank and stopped. At his feet the muddy-brown waters of Red River flowed silently in the moonlight.

The Sin Splitter held up his hand and stopped the singing. He waited silently while the stragglers came up. He did not have to look at them to determine what condition their nerves were in. He knew what marching and preaching in the moonlight would do to people. The presence of B'r Charlie was bad, and he knew that, but when a man toils in the midst of Satan's workshop he has to put up with such things as B'r Charlie.

"I'm gonter baptize y'all," the Sin Splitter announced coldly, "like de Lawd wants hit done. Right hyar in de river."

B'R CHARLIE himself started the song, which everybody sang in low, tired but fervent voices, while the Sin Splitter talked:

"Oh, will de waters be chilly?
Yes, will de waters be chilly?
Lawd, will de waters be chilly
When I wash my sins away?"

The prospect of chilly water after tiresome miles of marching on a hot night carried just the right idea, and the Splitter was grateful to B'r Charlie for the selection.

"I came down in dis valley er sin," the Splitter continued, "and I find y'all sinners dryin' up in hell befo' de devil git you."

"Amen," declared B'r Charlie.

"Hit ain't a one er y'all had river water runnin' over yo' soul since de last time I was up hyar!"

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"Ain't hit a fack!" exclaimed the Widow Duck. "Preach hit, Splitter, and preach hit hard!"

"Yo' bones is so dry I kin hyar 'em clickin'! You's reekin' wid sin, and de Lawd don't want you. You got to git yo' bones wet in de flowin' waters er Glory!"

A woman in the back of the crowd began to shout and the Widow Duck herself developed the "jerks." The Splitter had them at the exact emotional pitch he wanted, and he shifted to more mundane things.

"Dis de onliest suit er clothes I got," he said. "And by de time I gits done duckin' all er y'all sinners in dis muddy river, hit'll be about ruint."

"Well, I believe you," the Widow Duck announced.

"We'll buy you a new suit," yelled B'r Charlie. "You do de baptizin', and I'll git you dat suit." And before the Sin Splitter could say a word, B'r Charlie had his hat in his hand, passing it among the worshipers. "Who gonter gimme a quarter?" he demanded. "Two bits for B'r Splitter's suit?"

THE Sin Splitter showed no evidence of surprise or disappointment. He climbed off his mule's back with great dignity and marched out into the water. When the water was at his waist, he stopped and turned. "Come one and come all," he shouted, "and git yo' sins washed clean."

They came, at first, in droves, and the Splitter baptized them according to his honest idea of how it should be done. The singing on the bank continued, with B'r Charlie's voice rising well above it: "Gimme two bits. Den gimme a dime. Come on, and put some money in de hat."

After the initial rush, things cooled down. The people began to wander off as soon as they had been immersed, and some of them left before they had marched into the water. The spell definitely was broken. The Splitter stayed in the river as long as there was a candidate for baptism, and then he waded to the bank.

Only B'r Charlie and the Widow Duck remained on the levee. The Widow Duck was holding B'r Charlie's hat, which bulged with small coins.

"I holdin' de collection," she informed the Splitter. "Jest in case."

The Splitter eyed the hat, but said nothing about the money. "Come on, Balaam," he said to his mule. "I got to wawk myse'f dry."

They walked in silence. By the time they got through the canebrake and into the field, the moon had set and the night was inky dark. Then, as they reached the big road, the first streaks of daylight broke through in the east. It was full dawn when they reached the Widow Duck's cabin.

"Penny," the Widow Duck called, "pass de coffee."

As they sat down to wait, the Widow Duck volunteered, "Splitter, you hit a mighty lick for de Lawd, tonight."

"De Lawd," said the Splitter modestly, "he'ped me out a little, 'scusin' how I was in de midst er Sodom."

"I had to take up de collection," put in B'r Charlie.

The Splitter turned a smothering frown upon Charlie, but before he could say anything, Penny came out with the coffee.

"No quar'lin', now," commanded the Widow Duck. "Argy all you wants to but don't quar'l."

They sipped the coffee, the Widow Duck running her fingers through the coins in B'r Charlie's hat, and the two preachers scowled at each other.

"Yep, Splitter," the Widow Duck repeated, "you hit old Satan a mighty lick. Dat dry-bone sermon was sweet to my soul. And B'r Charlie, dat was a mighty good prayer you prayed. So I figgers de Splitter ought to get about ha'f dis change, and B'r Charlie ought to git de yuther ha'f."

B'r Charlie smiled in greedy anticipation, but the Splitter evinced neither pleasure nor disappointment.

The Widow Duck emptied the hat, coin by coin, putting the money into two equal piles.

"A dime hyar, and a dime hyar. Two bitses hyar and three nickels and a dime hyar."

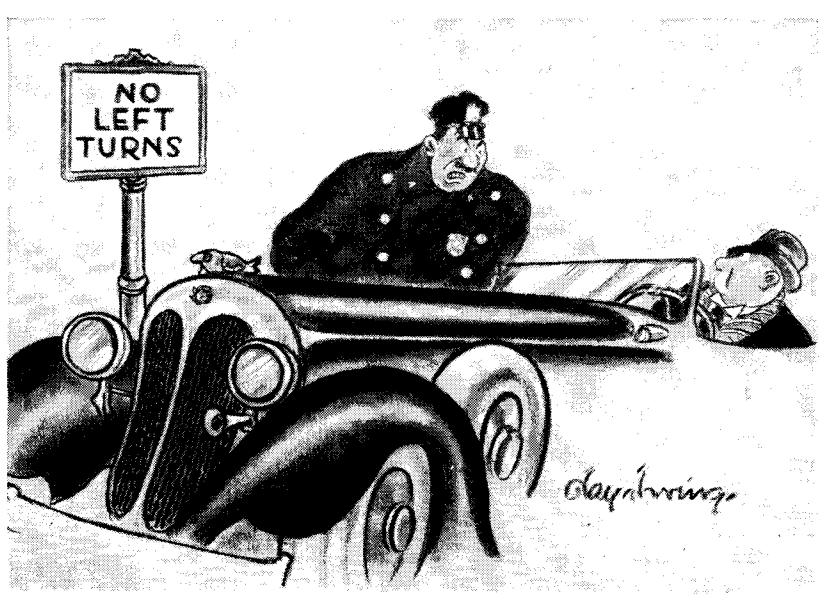
When the money was divided, she pushed one pile of it toward the Splitter, who scooped it up and poured it into his pocket. B'r Charlie made a move toward the other pile but the Widow Duck stopped him.

"Nawp!" she said emphatically. "You been takin' up collection to buy a swingin' lamp for dat church for I don't know how long, and hit ain't boughten yit. Now, I'm gonter take dis change and *buy* dat lamp!"

"Aw, Mis' Duck—"

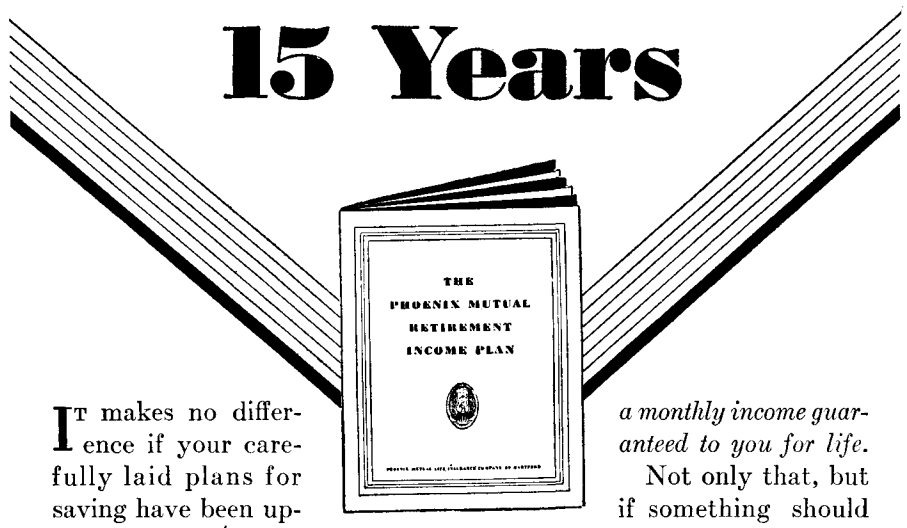
"And efn hit's any change left," she continued, "I'm gonter take hit and buy some coal oil. You been beggin' coal oil 'round hyar ev' since you been preachin'. And dat ain't right, is hit, Splitter?"

Sin Splitter Samuel did not hear her. He had mounted old Balaam and was already fox-trotting toward the hills, where money was scarce, but where sin and devilment were scarcer.



"Even as a child, Officer, I often became confused as to my left and right. . . ." *Jay Irving*

How a Man of 40 can Retire in 15 Years



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The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $250 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages you wish: 55, 60, 65, or 70.

How much does it cost? When we know your exact age, we shall be glad to tell you. In the long run, the Plan will probably cost nothing, because, in most cases, every cent and more comes back to you at retirement age.

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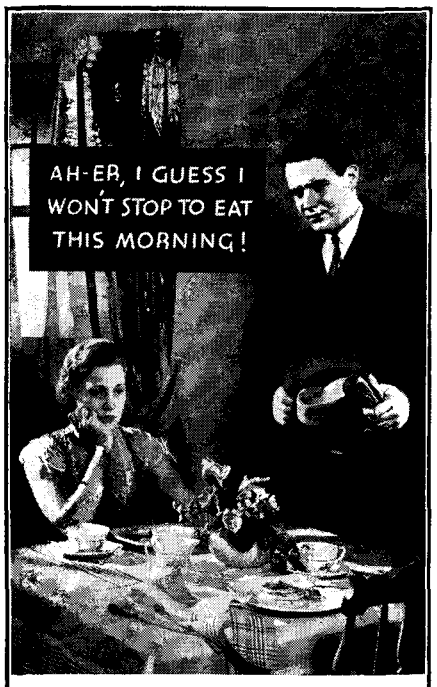
Minute Movies
that have happened to many



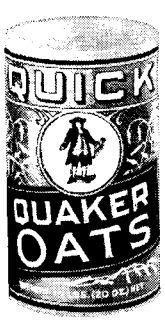
1 Jane meant to be the best kind of a wife. But she didn't realize the importance of the right kind of a breakfast.

2 And so, morning after morning, John went on *nervous* energy instead of *food* energy.

3 Then one day in a chance conversation . . . a friend said, "I know what cured my husband of morning nerves. A good hot dish of Quaker Oats."

4 And now the world seems like a different place to John. What a difference the right kind of food habits can make!

So easy to make morning the *best* part of your day



IF you want your husband to conquer the morning, see that he eats the right kind of a breakfast. Remember the finest possible breakfast—Quick Quaker★ Oats—is also quicker and easier to prepare . . . It cooks done in 2½ minutes. And has that special zesty, tangy flavor that comes from roasting the rich plump oat kernels through ten different ovens. In addition the use of ultra violet rays makes Quaker★ more nourishing than other oatmeals. Get Quaker★ Oats for breakfast tomorrow morning and see how much easier mornings are for the entire family.

★ Mother's Oats too are made by the same exclusive Quaker process.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Ziegfeld and his Follies

Continued from page 19

Urban's first Follies took him ten weeks to design and he received five thousand dollars for the sketches and the painting. In the later Follies he received as high as thirty thousand dollars for the designs alone.

During the 1916 Follies Ziegfeld and Urban made their first trip to Atlantic City together. All the new Urban scenes were hung up, but they looked dismal. The lighting effects which in the Garden of Paradise had made Urban the most promising scenic artist in America now seemed to fail him. He could not explain the sudden collapse of his art, but the next day, by some weird miracle, the scenes looked perfect. But the explanation of the change was very simple. It was a rainy, foggy day in Atlantic City and the scenery which Urban had treated with whitewash had absorbed too much moisture and failed to react to lighting; but after twenty-four hours of drying in the theater it was fine once more.

Zieggy Hated Noise

Urban's contributions to the scenic art of the theater did a great deal to enrich the Ziegfeld productions. Formerly the only lights used on the stage were red, white and blue, amber footlights and a few border lights. Urban introduced bridge lights and spot lights shooting down and across the stage. The unique principle of his art was to set a piece of plastic scenery like a statue or a vase against a curtain and by playing a light on it to create a three-dimensional quality of life.

His outstanding scenes were the Grand Canyon in Whoopee, the elephant scene in the first Follies, the woodland dell in Simple Simon, and the simple motif of a black staircase with white angelic figures on the landing against an infinite stretch of blue sky, which he designed for the last Follies.

Flo acquired many fine points in the art of lighting from Urban, but, no matter what effect of color or mood Urban tried to achieve in a setting, Zieggy had one cry: "The girls must be flooded in a bright, white light." Bitter arguments always followed this ultimatum, but in the end, whether it was midnight on the ocean or at the bottom of a deep, dark grotto, once the girls came on the stage a stream of bright white lights flooded the set.

Just as Zieggy liked pink and white among the colors, he liked sentimental harmonies in his orchestra. He had a special prejudice against drummers. I never witnessed a dress rehearsal of a Ziegfeld show where I did not hear Flo at some time or other explode at the drummer in the orchestra. He hated noise and banging that passed for music. He loved rich harmonies, probably harking back in his own mind to the sweet melodies that prevailed when he himself was a great waltzer.

Only once did I see Zieggy dance on the stage. Before the opening of Kid Boots, Harlan Dixon showed Flo an eccentric step he intended to do with his dancing partner, Marie Callahan. It was a comedy dance which wound up with Dixon and Callahan rolling over each other on the floor. Zieggy liked it but after the opening night he told Dixon and Callahan to wait until all the other performers had gone. Zieggy complained that they did not roll over the way they had at rehearsal, and then he tried to show Dixon how it should be done. Zieggy impersonated Dixon, Dixon impersonated Marie Callahan, and the two of them began to roll all over the stage to get the exact effect that Zieggy wanted. It was the first time I had ever seen austere, dignified Flo rolling across the boards like a baggy pants clown and I was convulsed with laughter. But Flo took the whole thing very seriously and finally got Dixon to roll just right.

A spirit of genuine fellowship prevailed in the Follies that has rarely been equaled by any other troupe. The older members of the casts took special pride and pleasure in giving the younger ones the benefit of their stage experience. When I first joined the Follies I met Bert Williams, the outstanding star of his day, and my association with him was a joy and an education, for Bert was not only a great actor, but a great and liberal teacher. He was one of the finest artists the musical comedy stage has ever had. When high salaries were low, Zieggy paid Bert a thousand dollars a week. He was the grand old man of minstrelsy, and on his European tours he appeared before all the royal rulers.

He had a unique way of rendering songs, injecting his talk between rests and catching up with the melodic phrase after he had let it get a head start. His knack for rhythmic timing was inherent and has never been excelled.

Bert Williams was king of the old-time blackface comics and in the Follies of 1919 he headed probably the greatest and most majestic minstrel spectacle of all time. A few years later, while playing with a Shubert production in Detroit, Bert passed away, and with him passed the last and greatest of the Suwannee Troubadours.

While every show we gave seemed to play with clock-like precision for the audience out front, an entirely different show went on back-stage. One night in my porter scene with Bert Williams I came on with my two suitcases, which were supposed to be empty, but this time I nearly broke my neck trying to trip lightly on to the stage with them. They were as heavy as two light cannons. W. C. Fields had secretly filled the bags with bricks.

To reciprocate this courtesy, I invited him the following week-end for a game of golf. Bill takes his golf very seriously and can play very well. I led him to believe that he was in for a hard match, and he came all primed, cancelling a real game for this one. When I met him on the links I took off my coat and stood in my pajamas and slippers. Bill laughed, but he didn't enjoy the game after that. He felt foolish following me around in my night-clothes for nine holes. As for me, the way I play golf I should always wear pajamas and sleep through the game.

Fun in the Follies

But the practical joke is a ruthless weapon with a double edge and I've often had it turned on me. Van and Schenck once took me to a restaurant in St. Louis after the show. While I went to get a table they lingered behind to tell the manager and waitress that I had just returned from a sanatorium not entirely cured, and that I was still slightly deranged. The manager and waitress looked queerly at me and treated me with caution. Gus Van further confided to them that my whole mental disorder was due to drinking too much milk and that under no circumstances must I get near a glass of it. They knew I was dieting at the time and that milk was my main item of food. Suspecting nothing of all this, I asked for milk and was surprised to hear the

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waitress suggest that I take cocoa or tea instead.

"Why can't I have milk?" I asked, getting irritated.

"We haven't any," said the waitress glibly.

"But I see a lot of people at other tables drinking it," I protested angrily. "How is that?"

"They—they brought it along with them—when—when they came in," explained the waitress, becoming alarmed. This seemed very peculiar to me and I insisted on speaking to the manager. I made such a strong and lucid appeal to him that he almost relented, but Van and Schenck motioned to him as if mortally afraid. "No! No milk! He'll calm down!" Van whispered to him. "But if you give him milk he'll bust up the joint!" I finally had to drink cocoa.

But sometimes, without anybody planning or anticipating it, a practical joke would be born of itself. We were playing in Cincinnati and Fannie Brice, who was stopping at the Sinton Hotel, acted mother to the troupe. Fannie is the type who, in her spare moments, will sew hats for poor chorus girls, mend stockings, and even do laundering. She is a natural-born mother and W. C. Fields, Will Rogers, Don Barclay and I became her children by adoption.

One night we visited her at the hotel to take her along for a bite after the show, but she insisted on feeding us right there.

"I'll save you boys some money," she said, but in reality she prided herself on her cooking skill and wanted us to sample her master dish. We consented and waited an hour and a half while she busied herself in her improvised kitchenette, preparing the famous spaghetti à la Fannie with tomato sauce and all the fixings. Luscious flavors of food tickled our nostrils and our hunger grew steadily keener. At last Fannie beamed triumphantly as she set the grand, steaming platter before us.

We had to admit it was worth waiting for, and began to eat heartily. But before the second mouthful an afflicted expression came over our faces. At first I thought my sense of taste was at fault, but all the others felt the same way. It seemed that Fannie's maid had filled the jar of powdered cheese with soap powder and Fannie had sprinkled the spaghetti full of it. Our mouths were foaming with soap. We had to go out to eat, after all, and Fannie laughed all the way. But there was a disturbing hysterical note in that laugh.

Rehearsals Were Serious

Once in a while Flo, too, would unbend and work a little practical joke of his own. We were on tour with the Follies and gathered to play some poker. On the very first hand, it seemed that everybody had unbeatable cards. The betting ran very high until finally only Flo and I were left. I raised every bet he made until there was no more money left and he saw me.

"What have you got?" he asked.

"Four aces."

"That's nothing," he said, "I've got four aces too. What's your outside card?"

It turned out that Flo had introduced a pinochle deck into the poker game and everybody had straights, full houses and four of a kind.

But an entirely different atmosphere prevailed when the call came for the entire cast to assemble at the New Amsterdam Theater to hear the complete musical score and see the new sets of a new production. That was when Ziegfeld shone in all his glory. An aura of quiet attention and reserve filled the huge, empty house. Zieggy removed his coat, and when Zieggy removed his coat the serious part of show business began. He often worked through a dress rehearsal for a span of twenty hours, starting at two in the afternoon and still going strong the next morning. The entire theater except the stage was dark and all the actors could see out front was the glow from Flo's cigar.

Flo was the only one who was allowed to smoke at a dress rehearsal. Zieggy would rebuke even Urban for smoking on this solemn occasion, take the cigar from his mouth and throw it away. But Urban would reply simply, "No smoke, no scenery." And Zieggy would smile and give him one of his own cigars.

The stage brightened up as for a regular performance and the play began. No one dared sit around in the theater or make a noise, for now came his part, the rôle Ziegfeld played in the show.

Harmony at all Costs

Numbers were done over and over again and dances restaged at his request. Spots for certain specialties were switched and musical cues adjusted. He complained that the finale was too drawn out and the scene in one, in front of the drop, did not give enough time for putting up the next set. He hardly interfered with the dialogue or comedy scenes, for he had no fixed ideas as to what the audience would like and waited for the public reaction on the road to draw his conclusions. If the costumes didn't harmonize with a particular scene according to his notion, they were thrown out as so much cloth, and that was that. His main concern was ensemble effects and the sweeping impression of the whole.

He began to give instructions to the electricians for the lighting of every scene and most of it sounded like deep Greek.

"Blue foots up on dimmer at start of overture," he said, "and white and amber foots up on dimmer at the end. Next scene, all lamps flood until finish, then dim down to blue and white one-quarter up and palm curtains open."

In this fashion were born those color moods which gave the final air of splendor to the already lavish production.

At all times Urban was at his side, and the two men worked as one with a complete harmony of spirit and scenic understanding. The kinship grew so intense that Flo became increasingly jealous when Urban worked for other producers, and often called on him to start making sketches for a show before he had any idea of what it would be. Urban grew just as fond of Flo, and only a year after Flo passed away—in the very same month—Urban joined him.

Only in one show were Zieggy's notions of color and costume disturbed. He wondered how he could glorify the colored people in Show Boat. He wanted fantastic costumes and typical Follies scenery, but both Jerome Kern, the composer of Show Boat, and Joseph Urban persuaded him to use realistic effects. It was the one show where Zieggy compromised and sacrificed his own ideas of glorification. The costumes of every period and locality were faithful historical reproductions and the scenery was as real and unpretentious as in any legitimate show.

It was a great sacrifice for Zieggy to make, but in the end the total effect of the production proved the wisdom of this move. It was the supreme test for Flo that in turning out Show Boat, the finest musical production of his career, he was ready to forgo the basic elements on which he had built his reputation. Very few showmen have ever shown such showmanship.

The sixth and last of this series of articles will appear in next week's Collier's.

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EVERYBODY has some pet way of treating a cold. Maybe you have, too. But consider this a minute:

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MINIATURE MYSTERIES

THE MISSING HEIR

Whatever has become of William Archibald Pennington, Jr., who invariably rubs his eyes in the morning and declares he's too sleepy to get up?

SOLUTION: His mother promised him Log Cabin Syrup with pancakes for breakfast and he is already enjoying his second helping. Delicious Log Cabin is a special blend of Vermont maple, Canadian maple and fine cane sugars. Sealed in the unique Log Cabin, so popular with children. A product of General Foods.

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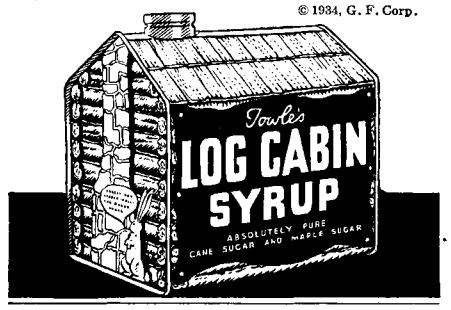

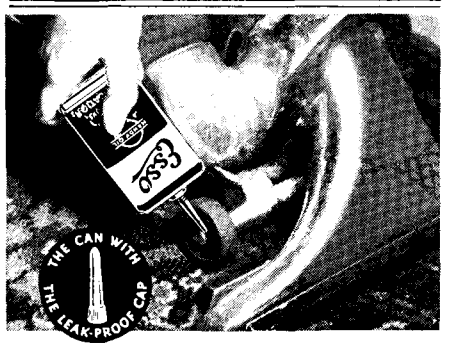

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Nothing from Reno

Continued from page 9

had a stitch in the side or something."

Marcia watched him. "Patients always think that at the last second."

Jerry pulled at his sheet. "And perhaps they're right!" he snapped. "I'll be damned if I stay here," he said, savagely, suddenly, "to be an easy mark for Bill Bond.'

"An easy mark," said Marcia, staring at him. "But you didn't think of that when you were doubled up with pain, did you?"

"I couldn't think of anything then. Good God, here I am putting my life in his hands."

"You're not the first to do that," said Marcia. "And I have yet to see him fail."

"Pretty sold on him, aren't you?" He scowled. "Well, I'm not." He started to sit up.

Marcia moved forward quickly, pressed him back. "Don't jerk around like that!" she ordered, all nurse.

Down the corridor she heard the elevator open and the soft approach of the stretcher. Outside was the sound of the orderly's voice.

The door pushed open, and he was lifted to the stretcher.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," said Marcia as if to a child. "They consider this a minor operation here, and Bill Bond is wonderful. He'll look out for you."

His look implored her. He needed her. It was all as she had dreamed. She stood above the stretcher, above the man to whom she had linked all the motives of her waking life.

"You will be able to go home in a week," she said, distantly, encouragingly, refusing to take advantage of his weakness. "And you will be almost well by tomorrow night." . . .

It was half an hour before the stretcher came back again.

Marcia flew to the room and looked into the face on the stretcher. She could see that Jerry was all right. His respiration was regular and his color was good. He was all right.

SHE went down to the nurses' office and there was no one there. The light was low and the place looked thoughtful and sad.

It had been a hard night, an exhausting night. Marcia sat down at the nurses' desk and leaned her head on one hand and her eyes looked straight ahead at the wall, strangely steady eyes in a strangely unsmiling face.

Dr. William Barron Bond came in.

"He's in splendid condition," said Dr. Bond, and he looked at her quietly. "You seem to be able to control Fate, Marcia."

"I knew I'd be on duty when he came," said Marcia. "It *had* to be like that." She looked at him with the eyes known the country over. But her eyes did not look as they used to look. "I thought it would be in a ward," she said. "I had no idea he'd be on the private floor, really."

"*You* were on the private floor," said Dr. Bond. "Fate had to work it out, didn't it?"

"Yes," said Marcia. She closed her order book, which she held in her hand. It was a definite, decisive movement, that closing of the book. "But Jerry didn't know Fate was working it out," she said. "He knew he hadn't money enough to spend on private floors. He knew he had no money for specials."

"Jerry was ill," said Bill Bond. "We arranged those things for him."

He watched his own hands intently. He did not look up. He did not look up when she said: "Jerry has been hard up for years, Bill. And he's always accepted everything. He accepts things from Cora. He practically lives off Cora. He hates you and yet he would let you do this thing for him. He wouldn't go into a ward as many other persons are doing now, and making no bones about it."

"Why should he go into a ward?" asked Bill, tolerantly, kindly. "We don't want him in a ward, Marcia."

"*You* would go into a ward."

"Why not?" said Bill. "That's different." He was quite friendly but he seemed miles away.

Now the most extraordinary thing about Marcia was the way she could look at you. When she liked you. She looked at William Bond like that now.

"I suppose now, I could get Jerry back." She drew her hand across her forehead. She found it difficult to put into words but she knew that Jerry loved her again. But he loved her with the love which a man like Jerry could only feel when he had lost her. "I thought," she said, "the reason I came back from Reno with nothing was because I left everything there. Everything I wanted. But that isn't how it was, Bill. I see that now." The room was quiet, as quiet as any room would be from which dreams were flitting out on tiptoe. Marcia went on: "I came back with nothing because I took nothing with me."

Bill put his hand on her shoulder. "You are tired. Overwrought. This night has been too much for you."

"This night has been wonderful for me." She did not look up; her features had taken on an expression with which he was not familiar. "Don't you *see?*" she pointed out. "I am free."

"Free?" he said. He looked courteous and lost.

"Free of Jerry," she said, and her voice seemed to say that she had come out of the battle unscathed. "I do not love him. I know I don't love him because he is empty, there is nothing to love."

"He's—he is a great guy," said Bill. "You're unstrung."

"Yes, he's marvelous," said Marcia. "All women agree on that. He is romantic and gorgeous to look at, he is gay and slick and a fairy-tale prince."

"Then don't you see that you love him?"

"He said he couldn't trust his life to you."

"I've often wondered why patients do. You can't hold *that* against him."

"He let you pay for his room. He let you pay for specials. If he had not accepted that from you, he would have done so from Cora."

"What is a room, or a nurse or two?" demanded Bill. "My God, Marcia, have a little sense!"

"You know I am showing sense, Bill." She looked at him and thought of all the things he had known about Jerry and, knowing, had kept to himself. Bill had been to her a closed book in a foreign language. Now, through her nursing, she spoke that language, and she saw that nothing could make Jerry so unreal as contact with reality. This reality that was illness, was work, was William Bond.

"You still love him, Marcia." He spoke as if each word were a full load and had to be hauled by itself. He was too tired to talk. He found it suddenly, acutely unbearable, this conversation.

"Good night," he said.

MARCIA'S hand was suddenly on his arm.

"Bill," she said simply, "don't leave me alone again, Bill."

"Leave you—alone—" He stared.

She said desperately: "Oh, don't you see how I feel about you? Oh, Bill, *please!*"

And his arms went around her and he saw what nonsense all this talking was. The Third Private Floor was still with the stillness of midnight. The corridor was shadowy. The nurses' office was dark except for the light that shone down on the green blotter in a circle of golden light.

Everything was dim and deadened but it seemed to William Bond that suddenly Medical Union, the whole hospital, was aflame with sunlight.

He looked around after a while and laughed, for everything seemed different, yet everything the same.

She said, pulling herself out of his arms: "The supervisor is liable to walk in here at any minute. We can't stand here all night, holding each other."

"Oh, I don't know," said he. "That's just what I *could* do."

Down in Room 14 Mr. Gerald Atwood slept, while his nurse knitted, for she was a serious woman, one of the world's workers, and she had no time to waste while a patient slept.

Medical Union stirred in its sleep. Yes, everything was different, yet everything the same.

And Marcia Sewell had grown up.

"You want Mr. Windring? He just stepped out for fifty-two seconds"

Lawrence La Riar

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Money in the Mail Box

Continued from page 11

"The whole card?" demanded Steve. "Why, Mr. Lundborg—"

"It's fifteen years since a barber shaved me," said Mr. Lundborg. "Is there anything else you do you don't advertise there?"

"If I knew you were coming," said Steve, "I'd have called up a manicure. Sit down, brother, I won't be long."

From the six men ahead of Mr. Lundborg there came a roar of protest.

"The hell you won't," roared one of them. "We're taking the same. Ain't we, boys?"

Fun for Everyone

Late that afternoon after much searching Mr. Lundborg found Mrs. Lundborg in a tea shop completely worn out but valiantly at work on her fourth cup.

She sniffed because Mr. Lundborg smelled gloriously. Somehow it didn't seem right. She couldn't quite down the feeling that there was something sinful about all this. She wouldn't have said it aloud for the world, but it startled her to see that Lundborg was a handsome man. She had forgotten how he used to look.

"Come on," he said in something of the old tone of confidence. "I've got my foolishness. Now you finish yours."

And together they went to the new movie theater—the one with uniformed ushers and plush seats. And although it was pretty hot in there, she wouldn't remove her new coat. It had a fur collar.

You have to understand this about Lundborg: he might have been a bit more concerned about his taxes and his indebtedness for machinery, seed and mortgage interest had he turned to land speculation along with so many of his brethren back in the post-war years. These latter have more of a problem to worry over as they get their checks than the less aggressive who were content with their quarter sections or their original three or four hundred acres.

What happened to the speculators or expansionists was virtually the same as what happened to stock-market plungers, large and small. Land went to absurd values just as stocks did. Here's a farmer who, before the war, was doing well enough on a hundred and sixty acres of corn. Since then he and the banks went crazy. Farm acres doubled and trebled in price, but not in value, and the bankers (some of whom were the farmers themselves) encouraged buying by drunken lending. Under such auspices this fellow had bought land at two hundred, three hundred and four hundred dollars an acre until, presently, he owned sixteen hundred acres.

That fellow isn't having his face massaged and he isn't taking his women folks to the movies in new coats either. He has had a series of nervous collapses. The bank that lent him the money to buy those additional acres has closed and promises to stay closed. But the owners of his mortgages and the tax collector are completely alive and growing more insistent. His check went to them and to seed loans and machinery agencies. And he's still buried in debt.

And a curious thing about him is his resentment of the agreement he had to sign before being eligible to government bounty. To get that loan he had to agree to reduce his acreage by twenty per cent. Where he raised fourteen hundred acres of corn he must now plant no more than eleven hundred and twenty. And even that's too much.

Anyway, he resents it. It's his land—all of it, says he, and he works it hard and intelligently. Well, that's right enough. But he insists the government has no right to tell him how much he shall plant. Surplus of corn? Well, there shouldn't be any surplus. The trouble, he continues, is in distribution, not production. There are people in the cities starving for his corn and there it is in yellow hills wasting in his fields. Let the government buy it and give it to the hungry; then there wouldn't be all this surplus nonsense. The man grows furious as he talks—frightened, too, as he thinks of the future of his acres. What he wants is a fair exchange price, not limitation of crops. This limitation idea is contrary to nature and when government tries to buck nature—look out.

But he, like more than ninety per cent of the rest of the farmers, signs the crop reduction contracts which include hogs too. Under his borrowing agreement he must reduce the number of hogs he raises by twenty-five per cent. Moreover, he may not permit another to produce corn or hogs on land owned, rented or controlled by himself unless it, too, is covered by such a corn-hog contract. All this the government demands in its endeavor to reduce next year's production and cut down that destroying surplus of food.

This man is hooked hard because he had so many acres, because he paid so much for them, because his equity in his beautiful, high-priced fields is so small that they threaten to slip through his fingers. To listen to him you'd think him a firebrand radical. A few years ago when he was amassing this magnificence around him he talked like big business. Harken to his argument:

"The hell with Wallace, Peek, Tugwell and the rest of them down in Washington. What we farmers want is prices—sixty cents for corn, a dollar for wheat, eight dollars a hundred pounds for hogs, thirty cents a pound for butter fat."

The Hot-Heads' Remedy

Some of his more philosophical neighbors like to bait him.

"Where are you going to get these prices? Who's going to pay them?"

"The government."

"What's the government going to do with it?"

"Let Wallace and Tugwell work that out. They're telling me what to do now, ain't they?"

"Suppose the government runs out of money?"

"Let them get it from Wall Street," roars this man, whose troubles were redoubled by land speculation.

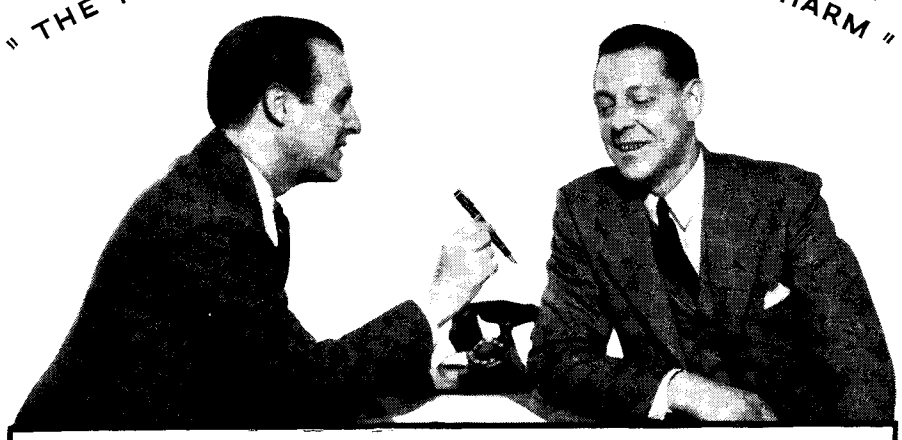
"Suppose Wall Street ain't got it or won't come through?"

"Well, let's print it, by God—print plenty and break their backs."

But these of course are words of desperation. The man's pressed too hard, in a mental condition not conducive to calm thinking. However, if you persist, he will cool off enough to concede that the hole he is in is not as deep as it was last fall. For the land he agrees to keep out of production he gets what the government calls a rental at the rate of thirty cents a bushel, the number of bushels being calculated on past production. For example, let's take a little fellow who has taken 20 acres of corn off the market. His acres have been producing forty bushels each. He gets a rental or bonus of twelve dollars

(Continued on page 48*)*

"THE PEN I BLAMED NOW WRITES LIKE A CHARM"



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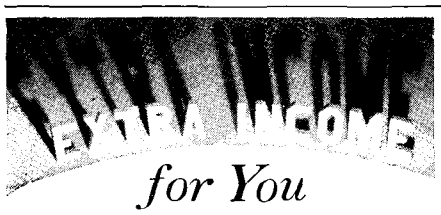

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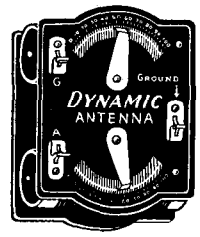

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DEALERS—Write for proposition

(Continued from page 47)

an acre for keeping them out of cultivation. The government asks that he keep this land physically fit, however, using it for summer fallowing inasmuch as it is likely to be a bit tired anyway, or for pasture or meadow. This agreed to, the government grants him two hundred and forty dollars, two thirds of which he gets at once and the balance a year hence. Like money in the bank—a good bank.

Something for Nothing

Similarly he gets a bonus for agreeing to reduce the number of hogs he will market this year—1934. He has agreed, let's say, to market only seventy-five hogs whereas he used to sell a hundred—at a loss. The government will make all that up to him by giving him five dollars a head on the seventy-five he markets. Moreover, he gets two of those five dollars immediately and the other three in instalments. All told, therefore, he gets three hundred and ten dollars in his first check.

Thus the three hundred and fifty millions the government is giving to the corn-hog farmer to tide him over his most evil days. He may borrow, too, on foodstuffs he wishes to hold for the rising market that is predicted. But I met too many who were refusing to borrow to convince me that this offer from the government is completely popular. One of the crops that must be reduced, say the Lundborgs, is debts.

The farm women are having quite a lot to say about the spending of the money—and a very good idea too. In Iowa a farmer told me that he had had several high-grade ideas about getting rid of it, all of them pleasant, but that his wife had waved him aside from most of them.

"What we're doing," said he, "is pretty sensible, damn it. Personally I'm pretty tired of trying to be sensible, but my wife isn't. She says she hasn't had a chance to be sensible for so long that it's a luxury. So we're paying back what it cost us to put in our latest crop and paying our personal taxes. Personal taxes, mind. We're sort of letting the land tax slide, waiting to see what's going to happen in Washington and at the state capital. We're letting the mortgage ride along too. These mortgages will have to be written down some, I guess. I'd have a new car right away if I had my way but I guess she's right. We're paying up our store debts and laying in feed for the chickens that are going to help carry us through the winter. Sensible stuff. But a radio wouldn't go bad either. However, she says there isn't enough nourishment in a radio just now. But I got her to agree to one later. I'm letting her have her way with this first check, but the second one is going to be spent by the head of the house—me."

In the cities one hears lots of stuffy talk about the farmer and his government grants. It is usually inaccurate or aggrieved. It derives from two sources—one the professional politician who would tell you that the government should have stipulated that the state and the banks should have what amounts to liens on the money; and the other from the economist who bemoans the fact that Washington did not go the full distance and lay out scientific schedules of spending which, of course, would have included the purchasing of a number of things for which the farmer would have no particular use. The cities are full of self-anointed authorities on the farm problem. That they may be colossal failures in their own affairs seems not to deter them from attacking the farmer's.

One of the wisest of the politicians I met happens to be a state chairman—Republican. A few weeks ago he was asked by his superiors in the party to make a tour of his state and take note of such situations and tendencies as would be useful in a general onslaught on the Roosevelt administration, the object being to start operations in the current Congress and groom for the campaign for next fall's elections.

He learned something startling before going far. He says he had suspected it for some time but now has the facts if not documentary proof. What irritated him more than the facts was that he had not been consulted—or at least notified. At any rate, he found that certain particularly hot members of two of the farm organizations had been accepting retainers from bankers who happened incidentally to be anti-Roosevelt. Just racketeers, you see.

"For this," he explained, "they were supposed to keep the farmers in a ferment, pitching into the Administration and declining to be pacified with anything short of immediate and permanent price fixing—which of course would be impossible—a wholesale write-off of debts or government assumption thereof and things like that. The curious thing about it is that some of these subsidized agitators went at it with considerable sincerity. They should have known better—known their farmer better.

"Such schemes are hatched in cities by men who must think the farmer a fool in spite of the protests of understanding and affection they profess for him. I have written to the gentleman who asked me to make this survey. I have told him that if he wants to help the Roosevelt program a lot and lose whatever chance the Republicans have of gaining a few congressional seats next fall, he should come out here himself and make a few speeches to the farmers bawling out the President and reminding the wheat and corn-hog country how beneficent the Hoover administration was. I have been active in politics out here for twenty-five years—always as a Republican. But I haven't known nor has anything in history taught me of any President who has caught and held the imagination and enthusiasm of the farmer as Franklin Roosevelt has. These farmers believe in him, are willing to follow him wherever he leads, and God help the man who tries to drag them back toward the old order."

A Great Moral Victory

There is very little solace, therefore, for the anti-Roosevelt crowd in the situation. All that the farmer cares is that he has been rescued, temporarily at least, from grinding poverty. His morale has been strengthened not only with money but by the conviction that at last he is considered by Washington to be as important—perhaps even more important—than the capitalist. At last government is being administered in his interests. The pyramid has been inverted.

"Well," said one of the Lundborgs I met, "the money I got saved three families and sort of merged them. I got two married sons. Both of them decided nearly ten years ago that there wasn't anything in farming and, while I ain't saying there wasn't something in what they said, they ain't kicking about farming now. One of them went to Chicago and before he knew it he was the father of two children. The other one—Ed—went to Des Moines and it must have been kinda healthy there because he's got three kids.

"Well, they got hit pretty hard, both Ed and Jim. No work, no food and the rent not paid for a couple of months. Ed was always a dresser—spent a lot on clothes. He had a nice car too. Jim

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wasn't so much on clothes, being a home man, but he had a car and a two-hundred-dollar radio and both of them had a lot of furniture paid for.

"Back here on the farm we didn't have much you could call luxuries but there was plenty to eat, all the wood you could burn and besides my own house another one I used to let the hired man and his wife live in. There's one thing about all this government money: since this CWA thing got going us farmers can't get any outside help. We can't pay any fifteen dollars a week like the government can to these hired men.

"So I wrote on to Jim and Ed and said that while there wasn't anything much in farming there was a darned lot on a farm and I could use two good, strong men who had hungry families. Look here, mister."

Flanking his battered motor car were two shiny monsters in which Ed and Jim used to pursue their city lives. I didn't count the children who were racing up and down the lane leading to the state road but was given to understand that three were Ed's, two were Jim's, and the rest belonged there on the farm.

"You ought to've seen them," he said, meaning Jim's and Ed's kids, "when they came home. Peaked."

"Home?" I said. "Then they're staying."

"Yes, they're staying," he replied. "And their mothers and fathers too. Lots of room for all. Lots of work to be done. After I settled up some bills I owed, my wife and I decided to spend a little something on ourselves. She's the darnedest woman. She bought pillow cases and sheets. Me, I never noticed we were out of them. That's a woman for you. I bought a—a—"

He looked a little foolish and decided to say no more about it.

"Never mind," he grinned. "But I sent Jim and Ed enough to fill the cars up with gas and ship their furniture including the radio out and—well, there's worse places to be poor on than the old farm. Where do you live, mister?"

I told him.

"Ever live on a farm?"

"Born on one."

"Ever think of going back?"

"I suppose, like the rest of you men out here," I said, "you bought a lot of new clothes for the kids and yourself."

"Didn't have to," he laughed. "We were thinking it over, but Ed got here before we decided. He was the dresser of the family. No wonder he was broke. He had enough clothes for a minstrel show—him and his wife. Three overcoats and seven pairs of pants and I don't know what. But he ain't got them all now. My wife is as good with the scissors as she is a cook and that's saying a lot, mister. I was just saying to Ed last night, it was sorta good to be home again, wasn't it. And he said it sure is."

Ball of Fury

Continued from page 14

Grayson was searching for the truant patient. His rage expired, and he fairly cooed: "Yes, Doctor, I'll be good. I'll go right back to bed." But then, his afternoon nap arranged, he was himself again, inquiring in rasping tones: "Why didn't you tell me you had a horse that would win in that second race yesterday?" With Dr. Grayson and old friends—Republicans barred—he is a lovable and whimsical grandfather in slippers, and a delightfully droll companion.

Senatorial Diversion

Liking simple things, he passes evenings in his downtown hotel, listening to the radio, or attending a mystery movie, playing setback with friends or digging up new evidence to support his theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Or he will bring tears of laughter to his listeners' cheeks with his wit and Negro stories told in perfect dialect—tales which often brightened dark hours in President Wilson's war-weary household. Once a hot-headed ball player, he follows the national game closely, and in sports as in politics he is an irascible fellow. When his favorite team—the Philadelphia Athletics—is losing, he whirls on his heels, throws up his hands, mutters a "dad bum it" and scoots away from his place on the score-board curbstone.

His real hobby is his herd of Jersey cows. He has close friendships with the most outlandish people, based solely on their uncommon love of cows. He quits the Senate chamber whenever possible to sit on the fence and watch cows browse.

Although he keeps no record of presidential and political engagements, his day book and, for a double check, his calendar, are covered with unreadable notations which tell him when his aristocratic Jerseys will be dropping calves, and these affairs he attends in state.

Although prophecy in these days is dangerous business, Mr. Glass has frequently been a forlorn fellow in a fight, and then emerged with a satisfied, sarcastic grin on his lips. He did as much as anyone, perhaps, to poke fun and figures at the Coolidge-Hoover prosperity, and, himself a Methodist and total abstainer, to burn up the political prohibitionists. A colorful phrasemaker—his favorite reading is the Letters of Junius and Arabian Nights—he struck off such satiric thrusts as "Hoovercrat" and "prohibigot," and spread the mean word that "my favorite cleric" used to be known as "One Quart Cannon." The remarks he makes about Huey Long in the latter's hearing on the floor are unprintable, unparliamentary and unprecedented; senatorial duels have been fought with less provocation.

Most opponents concede his genius for gentlemanly vituperation, understanding the admiration of President Wilson, who said: "Carter snarled the Federal Reserve Act through Congress out of one side of his mouth. Think what he could do with both sides." When a naval board rejected a Virginia candidate for the lack of "twenty-four vital, serviceable teeth," he growled: "Do they have to bite the enemy?" He resents references to his small stature, and when someone declared that, like Newton D. Baker, he had missed the White House for want of a few inches, he grunted: "Well, that's just too bad for Alexander the Great, Cæsar and Napoleon."

Life is always etched in sharp colors and phrases for him. That is why the spectacle of this diminutive but daredevil Democrat arising to assail a party President never fails to produce a moment of dramatic tensity in the Senate chamber. They see, or think they do, a clash of creeds as well as a feud which involves far greater factors than the personalities of the old senator and the young President.

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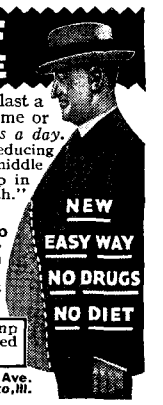

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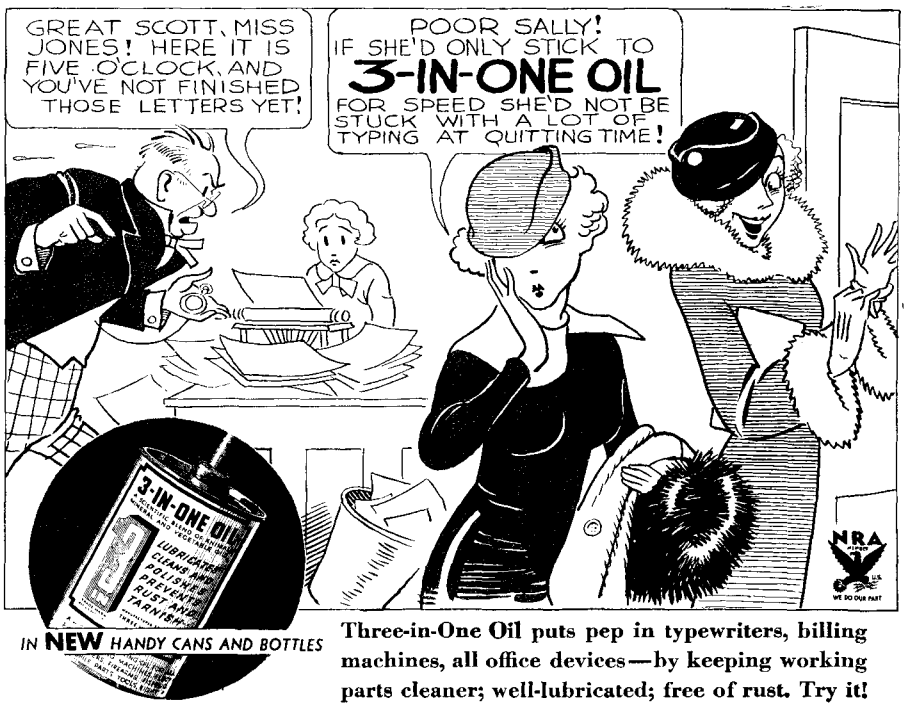
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Banks to Bet On

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We are now applying nationally for the first time the principle of insuring bank deposits. At present deposits up to $2,500 are fully insured in most banks.

Eight states previously attempted to insure bank deposits. In each state the experiment failed. By 1929 most of the states had repealed their bank insurance laws.

Congress was familiar with this record when last June insurance for bank deposits was decreed by law. Oklahoma, Nebraska, Mississippi, South Dakota, North Dakota, Kansas, Texas and Washington had had recent experience and it was all bad.

Despite these failures, which were not concealed, Congress decided that the bank deposits must be insured. The immediate purpose was to restore confidence. The permanent idea was to raise the level of American banking and to make it safe.

Insuring bank deposits failed in these eight states for numerous reasons. The most important was that the essential principle of insurance was ignored.

Sound insurance is merely present saving for future contingencies. If the promises are to be redeemed, the risks must be accurately calculated. Rates must be high enough to provide sufficient sums to pay for reasonably expected losses.

None of the states made any serious attempt to calculate the risks against which bank insurance was offered. There was no actuarial basis for the deposit insurance of any state.

Sound and unsound banks were lumped together and charged the same rate. Inspection and control were lacking. No life insurance company which issued policies to inmates of a home for incurables on the same basis as to healthy young men could hope to survive or pay its debts.

Yet this is precisely what the state insurance systems attempted to do. Worse still, the laws of the states encouraged the forming of new banks regardless of the competence of the would-be bankers.

The new national insurance of bank deposits has one supreme advantage over previous state schemes. The banks whose deposits are insured are subject to the inspection and the control of the Federal Reserve System.

In the long run, however, numerous changes in our banking practices must be made if we are to have safe banks and a solvent deposit insurance system. Many of these changes have been urged by the better banking authorities, notably Joseph A. Broderick, New York banking commissioner.

Canada and Great Britain in sharp contrast with the United States have had practically no bank failures. The explanation is twofold: Both in Canada and Great Britain banks are restricted by law and custom. Commercial banks do a commercial and not a real estate business. They do not mix the oil of a self-liquidating commercial loan with the water of a long-term investment in a mortgage. Furthermore, banks are organized into a few large systems.

In many states we allow anyone to start a bank. On the other hand, we have been prejudiced against branch banking. We in effect encouraged the establishment of banks in places in which it was difficult if not impossible to operate an independent bank profitably. We forbade the establishment of branches. We sanctioned the confusion of commercial banking, speculation and long-term investment.

If we want safe banks, insurance or no insurance, we must discard our prejudices and permit the development of conservative branch banking. We must also insist that banking be separated from speculation and long-term investment.

Enough public irritation has been aroused by the exposure of a few conspicuous speculators who called themselves bankers to make practical strong laws restricting banks to their proper fields. Already the 1933 Banking Act has moved in this direction. Many of the state laws are, however, still foolishly weak.

As the matter stands today the inspection of the Federal Reserve System and national banking law make the federal deposit insurance better than the previous state schemes.

As a long-time policy it will be useful chiefly as it stimulates us to develop a better banking system. Intelligent and prudent management is the best safeguard of any banking system, public or private.

The national government is assuming the burden of present leadership because of last March's emergency. Deposit insurance gives us a breathing spell. If we want safe banking we can work it out. We cannot, however, expect the federal government or any other agency to safeguard us endlessly from consequences of our own neglect or folly.

Never in all our long history have we had a better opportunity to create a truly national banking system on a sound and honorable basis. If we make use of the opportunity, the deposit insurance law will mark an epoch in our history.

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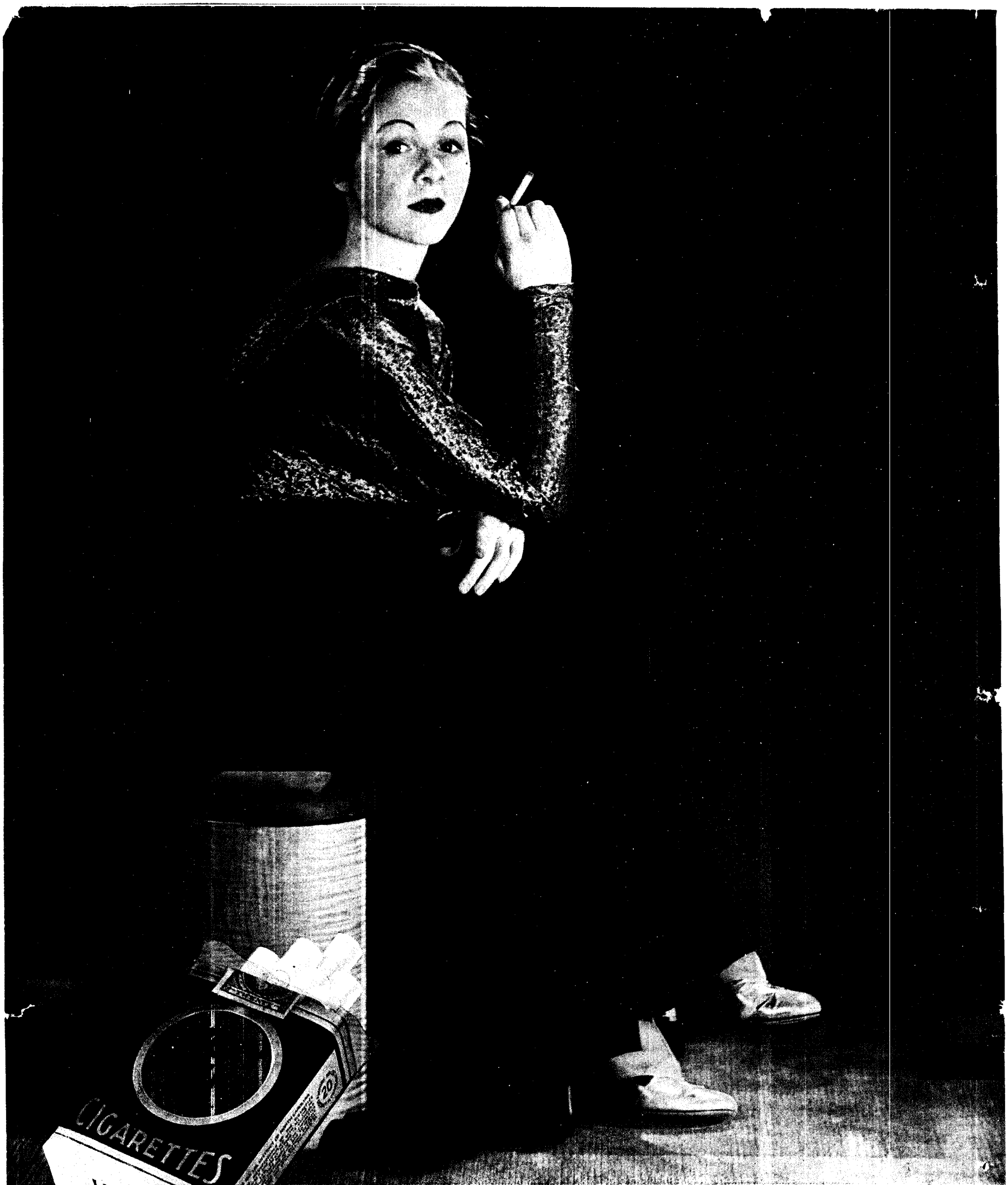

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